

EDMUND SPENSER

THE FAERIE QUEENE

BOOK I

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Certain omissions from the text have been made in accordance with long standing custom in school editions of the poem.

PREFATORY NOTE

The aim of the Introduction is to provide a background which will help towards a fuller understanding and appreciation of this Book of the *Faerie Queene*. To this end it contains a brief account of Spenser's life, personality and achievement, of the characteristics of Spenser's age in relation to the poem, of Spenser's purpose in the *Faerie Queene* as a whole, and of the remaining Books. The allegory is also traced in outline. The general critical remarks are intended to be in no way dogmatic, but to suggest the lines on which the reader should consider for himself the qualities of the poem.

The Notes are intended in particular to overcome the difficulties caused by Spenser's archaic diction without troubling the reader with linguistic material, and in general to make the poet's meaning clear, and to explain his allusions. But in addition some hints are offered as to the appreciation of the poetry for the sake of the younger reader.

The more advanced student interested in the history of the English language is specially catered for in the Glossary.

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INTRODUCTION

THE AUTHOR

Spenser's Life and Works

Edmund Spenser was born probably in 1552 in merry London, my most kindly Nurse, as he calls it in his *Prothalamion*. His father who lived in East Smithfield near the Tower of London was a journeyman in the cloth trade in decidedly modest circumstances. Probably he had seen better days he seems to have come from a family belonging originally to North East Lancashire and he was distantly related to Sir John Spencer of Althorp in Northamptonshire the head of an old family. But when the poet went to the Merchant Taylors' school, he went as a 'pore scholler' assisted by a certain wealthy Richard Nowell.

The Merchant Taylors' school was a recent foundation and its first headmaster was Richard Mulcaster, a man of enthusiasm and of ideas. It was in 1582 long after Spenser's schooldays, that Mulcaster published his *Elementarie*, but the views on teaching set forth there were the fruit of earlier experience. This schoolmaster though the basis of his teaching remained Latin was a modernist who believed passionately in the possibilities of English. "I love *Rome*," he wrote "but *London* better, I favor *Italie*, but *England* more. I honor the *Latin*, but I worship the *English*." It was also after Spenser left that Mulcaster's pupils performed masques before the Queen but earlier he encouraged music and singing, and again we realise what contact with this outstanding headmaster must have meant to the poet. He learnt literature as a living art to which his own mother tongue both could and should before long give noble expression. He was grounded in Latin Greek,

Hebrew and French, and in no merely pedantic way. The year he left school for the university he contributed unrhymed versions of fifteen sonnets by Du Bellay to *A Theatre [of] Voluptuous Worldlings*, published in 1569 by a fanatical Protestant refugee from Brabant, van der Noodt.

In 1569 Spenser entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge as a sizar, that is a poor student who in those days was required to perform certain menial services, and for seven years he studied with a wide-ranging eagerness. He made two friends in particular, Gabriel Harvey and Edward Kirke. Harvey, a Fellow of Pembroke, and a few years older than Spenser, was to the poet both tutor and comrade. He was like Spenser in coming of humble birth, and they had ambition in common. In nature they differed considerably, Harvey being proud, quarrelsome, and pedantic, a man of a crude plebeian vigour of mind and spirit, whereas Spenser, though he had his share of pride and independence, had an aristocratic refinement and sensibility. Harvey in later years was lampooned by his contemporaries as a buffoon of a pedant, but the friend of Spenser was more than that: he was a great devourer of books, a worshipper of Cicero, a keen Greek scholar, well read in Italian, and a warm admirer of Chaucer and Gower—in fact a man with whom Spenser could, and did, discuss all those problems of life and literature, and particularly of literary theory, to the solution of which a young man of the university would eagerly devote himself. Opinion was fluid, in the mingled currents of the humanist learning of the Renaissance men had to steer their own course, but Harvey was a good guide and companion to have. It was Harvey's judgment that: "it is not sufficient for poets, to be superficial humanists but they must be exquisite artists, and curious universal scholars."

Humanism, however, was not the only pervading influence at Cambridge. There was also a strong Protestantism, which contained the beginnings of Puritanism, and which owed its strength largely to Thomas Cartwright, Professor of Divinity and Fellow

of Trinity He was a Calvinist opposed to the official compromise of the Church of England and thus Puritanism with its scorn for compromise its contempt for worldliness its desire for a more austere primitive Christianity appealed to the idealism of university youth Cartwright was deprived of his offices in 1570-1 but that followed in 1572 by the St Bartholomew's day massacre of the Protestants in France only served to strengthen the faith of the dissenters Spenser felt the appeal of this Puritanism and shows it particularly in his *Shepherd's Calendar*

Having obtained his degree of M.A. Spenser left Cambridge in 1576 The probability is that he went to Lancashire the certainty is that he fell in love with Rosalind whoever she was and wherever she lived What Spenser chose to tell of his love is told in *The Shepherd's Calendar* where we learn that the widow's daughter of the glen did not return his love but favoured his rival Menalcas Burke added in his *Glosse* that it was well known she was a Gentle woman of no meane house The pains of rejected love gave the poet at once a theme and a goad Further his reading of Plato and of Platonists like his Italian commentator Ficino came to his aid He loved virtue as much as he loved beauty in woman and he transmuted his desires into Platonic idealism as we see in the *Hymns to Love and Beauty* written he says in the greener times of my youth A little later his ideal love and beauty found another but less vivid reflection in the altera Rosalindula of his correspondence with Harvey

The ambitious scholar disappointed in love now had to find a career From the October Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* it would appear that Spenser held it to be the duty of the great to patronise poor poets but he was never to win the patron who could fulfil his wishes In 1578 he became secretary to John Young former President of Pembroke Hall and recently appointed Bishop of Rochester He did not stay long Young was a moderate reformer but Spenser may have

soon felt that advancement in the Church involved too much compromise and flattery. At any rate, early in 1579 he followed Harvey's example in approaching the Earl of Leicester, and entered the Earl's service. That brilliant but sinister figure, former favourite of the Queen and still a great power in her Court, was a patron of poets and students, and for his own ends at the moment the champion of the Puritans. Now Spenser did not forswear flattery; at Leicester House in London he became the polished courtier, and identified himself with his patron's cause. Thus he wrote, and circulated in manuscript, his allegory of the fox and the ape, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, directed against the Queen's chief minister and Leicester's enemy, Lord Burghley, and the proposed match between the Queen and the Duc d'Alençon—only to find that Leicester changed sides in the matter of the French match.

His stay at Leicester House meant more to Spenser than a mere introduction to politics and court life. It was a fuller introduction to the aristocracy of Renaissance culture, as shown for instance by the Earl's famous collection of pictures, and in particular as embodied in the charm and high gifts of Leicester's nephew, Philip Sidney, who already, though slightly younger than Spenser, fascinated his contemporaries by the richness of his promise. For the last few months of 1579 Spenser was acquainted with Sidney, and Sidney was already a poet, and was about to write his *Apology for Poetry*, and his *Arcadia*. Though Spenser saw little of Sidney, Sidney's personality was too vivid not to make an impression.

It was in 1579 that Spenser published *The Shepherd's Calendar*, dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, and with a preface and gloss by his friend Edward Kirke. At once he was hailed as "the new Poet." Since Wyatt and Surrey there had been many versifiers, but only two poets, Sackville and Gascoigne. But now the period of experiment in poetry culminated in a supreme experiment, for that is what the extraordinary variety of metrical forms and the deliberately selected diction

proclaim the *Calendar* to be For its matter it is partly autobiograpny about his love for Rosalind partly thinly disguised expression of his Puritanism it mingles sadness and satire and joyous song and not the least of its lyric beauties is its flattery of the Queen And though Virgil and Mantuan and Marot had among others contributed to its making Spenser by admitting his indebtedness to Chaucer alone declared the English inspiration of the new Poet

The *Shepherd's Calendar* was not Spenser's only work of this time Kirke tells us of other excellent works of his which slepe in silence as his *Dreames* his *Legendes* his *Court of Cupide* and sondry others These are lost unless as is probable some came to be incorporated as pictures in the *Faerie Queene* Harvey in 1580 mentioned in a letter his *Nine Comedies* and Spenser himself mentioned his *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane* and yet another lost work was his prose *English Poet* The *Faerie Queene* itself was begun by 1580 for Harvey had seen it and would have none of it preferring the *Nine Comedies* and warning Spenser to give it up That Spenser did not shows his independent judgment Further Spenser joined Sidney for a while in the craze for quantitative verse based on classical metres into which Harvey had earlier tried to lure him

In 1580 Spenser obtained a post but it was in the exile of barbarous *Ireland* He went as *secretary* to the new Lord Deputy a strong Protestant Lord Grey, of Wilton who proceeded ruthlessly to suppress the rebellion of Fitzgerald Earl of Desmond English policy of the time was one of half measures of brutal repression inconsistently applied because the Queen's love of economy and her notorious hesitations constantly interfered Thus soon after his campaign of massacre notably that at Smerwick where Spenser himself was present Grey was recalled but Spenser always remained loyal to Grey's policy justifying it in Book V of the *Faerie Queene* and in his prose pamphlet *A View of the Present State of Ireland* To the poet the sword

personified in Book V as Talus the man of iron, was the only means of ruling Ireland which to him, in spite of its often fertile and beautiful countryside, was a land of lawlessness and ignorance of misery, squalor, and desolation.

He had no sympathy with the Irish, but among them his lot was cast. In 1581 he became Clerk to the Court of Chancery in Dublin, and was granted the lease of the Abbey and Manor of Enniscorthy in County Wexford, to which in 1582 was added that of the New Abbey in County Kildare. About 1586 he became a large landed-proprietor in Munster with over three thousand acres, including Kilcolman Castle, carved out of the confiscated Desmond estates which were to be cultivated by English colonists. In 1589, having succeeded to the office of Clerk of the Council of Munster, he was living at Kilcolman, when Sir Walter Raleigh, who had some 42,000 acres of the Desmond estates to colonise, paid him a visit. Raleigh read the *Faerie Queene*, of which the first three Books had been finished in Ireland, and then he and Spenser returned to England and in 1590 the *Faerie Queene* was published.

The story of this visit Spenser told after his return to Ireland in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, a poem that opens with joyous ease, only to end with satire and sadness. The first months were months of hope, the Queen had accepted the noble dedication worthy of a "Most High, Mightie and Magnificent Emperesse," whose subjects had recently shattered the proud Armada of Spain. But his reward, when at length it came, was only a pension of £50, and the poet was bitter. Now he published *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and the lines describing how "pitifull a thing is Suters state" seem a late addition. He had his Prince's grace, but lacked her Peer's, Burghley's. He published the *Tears of the Muses*, and his *Complaints*, lamenting the neglect of poets and the decline of the age.

Ireland on his return probably in the autumn of 1591 may have seemed to have its compensations after his experience of London. He went on with the *Faerie*

Queene Moved by the recent printing of the sonnets and *Arcadia* of Sidney now dead five years he wrote his elegy on Sidney, *Astrophel*; Then in 1592 he began to court Elizabeth Boyle and he followed the fashion by writing to her his sonnet-sequence *Amoretti* (1595) but unlike other poets he followed up his sonnets by marrying the lady in 1594 and crowned their love with that most magnificent of all marriage odes his *Epithalamion*

Late in 1595 he returned to London with the second three Books of the *Faerie Queene* in a last attempt to gain a post in England Raleigh was out of favour and Spenser now looked to the Queen's latest young favourite the ill fated Earl of Essex who was the rallying point of Burghley's enemies In 1596 the new Books of the *Faerie Queene* appeared and in the same year came his *Four Hymns* the early hymns to Love and Beauty being now transcended by two to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty in which his Platonism was married to Christianity He celebrated too the marriages of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester in his *Prothalamion*

But nothing was forthcoming and 1597 saw him back in Ireland writing the fragment we have of his seventh Book of the *Faerie Queene* in which he seems longing for changeless rest In 1596 he had occupied himself with writing that *View of the Present State of Ireland*, which was too blunt to be published till 1633 He had meant to warn his countrymen of the imminent trouble which shortly after his appointment as Sheriff of Cork in September 1598 broke out with the revolt of O'Neill Earl of Tyrone The colonists in Munster fled Kilscolman Castle was burnt and Spenser and his family took refuge in Cork leaving one child it is said dead in the flames Again Spenser stated the case for ruthless action and in December 1598 he was sent to London with despatches But in a month he was dead in an inn in Westminster Tradition said he died in neglect and poverty but how a bearer of important despatches should meet such an end is

obscure. At any rate he was buried with high honour in January, 1599, in Westminster Abbey, near to Chaucer.

Such was the life of him whom, after Charles Lamb, we call the Poets' Poet. It is well to remember its mingled yarn—student and poet but also courtier, man of affairs, and soldier. An artist of exquisite sensibility, he was no mere lover of beauty and dreamer of dreams, but a realist who was recommended for his last office as Sheriff of Cork as being "not unskilful, or without experience in the wars."

The Influence of his Poetry

However the great failed him in material rewards, the poets of his own day did not withhold from Spenser the due praise of his greatness. Sidney and Ben Jonson did not approve of his diction, but none denied his achievement. The new Poet of 1579 had more than fulfilled expectation and the general judgment placed him next to Chaucer. Nash, the fierce controversialist, whose realistic novel *Jack Wilton* is poles apart from the vein of "sweet Spenser," called him "the Virgil of England." But not many took him as their proper master. He was twelve years older than Shakespeare, and the great bulk of Elizabethan poetry also came from younger men. When the latter Books of the *Faerie Queene* appeared, young Donne was already writing a new kind of poetry, obscure, passionate, and often tortured in spirit and form. These younger men were not so much under the spell of Chaucer and the Middle Ages, but were themselves fresh heirs of the still working Renaissance. Now the English drama was reborn, and, except for his lost *Nine Comedies*, Spenser had stood aside at its birth. So his followers were few—Drayton, Browne, and Giles and Phineas Fletcher were the chief to carry his tradition into the earlier years of the seventeenth century.

It has been Spenser's gift, however, to stimulate poetry even in those who preferred other kinds of poetry than his. Abraham Cowley has told us that,

reading Spenser as a boy of twelve he was made a poet almost immediately but only in his earliest work of 1633 was Cowley a Spenserian Milton shows very little direct influence of Spenser but his achievement and his tribute to Spenser testify to what the Poets Poet meant to him as an ever living source of pure poetry

It was the eighteenth century the age of prose and reason that saw the steady rise of Spenser's direct influence While Pope and lesser heirs of Dryden dominated the first part of the century there were other poets more awake to romance Many turned to Milton as their master but some preferred Spenser while some drew inspiration from both Collins and Gray felt the power of both but it was Thomson who in his *Castle of Indolence* (1748) came nearest and indeed very near in spirit to Spenser Even the Augustan poets themselves like Prior occasionally imitated him The century gradually came to see what it had lost and in 1762 Hurd in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* expressed it perfectly what we have gotten by this revolution is a great deal of good sense What we have lost is a world of fine fabling

With the Romantic Revival Spenser came into his own again Of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Byron of Shelley and Keats not one was deaf to Spenser's music or insensible to the sheer poetry of his spirit Byron in *Childe Harold* Shelley in his *Revolt of Islam* Keats in the *Eve of St Agnes* used the Spenserian stanza In Keats the spirit of Spenser the sensuous lover and painter of beauty seems though with a change to live again Critics too like Lamb and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt were fully aware of what was due to the Poets Poet whose reputation has never since waned In our day M Legouis has shown us and his own countrymen that France too can appreciate him Lastly it is interesting to note how Mr Masfield the poet laureate often reminds us of both Spenser and his master Chaucer

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Its Relation to Its Age

The *Faerie Queene* expresses the ideals of the Renaissance England of its day. When Spenser states (p. 1) that the "generall end" of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline," he means that complete and balanced training of a man as a whole in body, mind, and spirit, which was the finest product of Renaissance humanism. In Italy this ideal too often led to the cultivation of personality at the expense of morals, of a combination of animal vigour and intellectual power, in which intelligence outran character. But in England this often pagan *Virtu* was modified by the Reformation, and in Spenser's ideal this modification is clearly to be seen.

Elizabethan England was very complex. Not only was the Renaissance modified by the Reformation, the heritage of the Middle Ages lived on too. From the Renaissance itself the insular genius of the English chose with a discrimination that ignored the fact that various elements of its attempted combination were discordant with one another. The result often bewilders us. As Lytton Strachey put it, "it is, above all, the contradictions of the age that baffle our imagination and perplex our intelligence. Human beings, no doubt would cease to be human beings unless they were inconsistent, but the inconsistency of the Elizabethans exceeds the limits permitted to man. How is it possible to give a coherent account of their subtlety and their *naïveté*, their delicacy and their brutality, their piety and their lust?"

In Spenser, who has been called the Elizabethan poet *par excellence*, these contradictions are everywhere present, but not in an extreme form. The dreaming idealist who portrayed the gentle Una of Book I proves himself in his Irish policy shadowed forth in Book V a ruthless realist after the school of Machiavelli. The lover of sensuous beauty cannot come to terms with the Puritan moralist. Sir Guyon in Book II may destroy

the wanton joys of the Bower of Bliss but Calidore in Book VI looks with pleasure unreprieved upon

' An hundred naked maidens hilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight

The worshipper of Truth can flatter the Queen to the very height of the fashion of the day and yet condemn her policy and attack her chief minister. The mangling of pagan classical with Christian material is a typical convention—the Bible and the Christian Fathers are supported by Plato Aristotle and Seneca fauns mingle with fairies the rites at Una's marriage are mainly Roman. To Spenser as to his contemporaries the best of all three worlds the ancient the medieval and the Christian Renaissance, were almost on one plane. Similarly to Spenser there seemed no difficulty in reconciling Romance and Epic in fashioning his *Faerie Queene* in the light of Homer and Virgil and Ariosto.

Religious in intention as the *Faerie Queene* is and deeply influenced by the Bible at heart it is like most Elizabethan poetry secular. The age's particular achievement the drama had as its basis a vigorous mundane vitality in the words of Dowden who remarks. A grand self culture is that about which Spenser is concerned not as with Bunyan the escape of the soul to Heaven not the attainment of supernatural grace through a point of mystical contact like the vision which was granted to the virgin knight of the medieval allegory. Self-culture the formation of a complete character for the uses of earth and afterwards if need be for the uses of Heaven—this was subject sufficient for the twenty four books designed to form the epic of the age of Elizabeth.

The only respect in which Spenser lagged a little behind his age was in his medievalism which was more than that of his contemporaries. Ascham had roundly condemned the medieval romances. The allegory had become out of date. But though he particularly looked back to the goodly usage of those antique times in which the sword was servant unto right it will not

do to underestimate the appeal the now receding Middle Ages made to the Elizabethans. Thus it is very interesting to note that around 1580 there existed "the Worshipfull Societie of Archers in London yearly celebrating the renowned memorie of the Magnificent Prince Arthur and his Knightly Order of the Round Table." Mulcaster was one of its members.

General Criticism

It is not hard to find fault with the *Faerie Queene*. The allegory, both moral and political, is unsatisfactory, it falls far short of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The structure stands self-condemned by the poet's explanatory letter to Raleigh for even if the poem were complete it would be no comfort that "the beginning . . . should be the twelfth booke" (p. 3). Nor are the separate Books well linked. It is not enough that they should be linked by Prince Arthur, without whom, coming at a vital moment the adventure of none but Britomart in Book III can be successfully achieved. Books I, II and VI have but slight links with the others, and yet in the other Books, where we find characters re-appearing, we feel there is too much complexity, hardly justified by the plea that so complex a virtue as Friendship must needs make Book IV a complex adventure. Not are there only too many strands to the narrative, some only too carefully picked up again, but the story is often impeded by the description, as when the dragon of Book I drags its monstrous length through eight stanzas, and requires another thirty four to be slain, and only then after the Knight's fortunate tumbles into the well of life and beneath the "goodly tree."

The characters again certainly cannot sustain the interest. Abstractions, particularly in the first two Books, predominate. The poet is over-ridden by his allegorical necessities. The Red Cross Knight is no individual man: he is Holiness in armour beneath which there is no substantial flesh and blood. He is hardly even an individual abstraction, for his Holiness is not

very different from Sir Guyon's Temperance Sir Satyrane of Book I even if drawn from Lord Grey of Wilton's successor Sir John Perrot does not live. Indeed if we look for characters we are wearied by a monotonous gallery of similar knights. Spenser does better with his heroines. Una is more attractive than the Red Cross Knight but gentle and radiant of beauty as she is. Una is an ideal rather than a woman. It is in Britomart that Spenser creates his most vital figure and next to her in Belphebe and Florimell and Amoret they are human and differentiated portraits. But after the first two Books it is with stories of love more than with his allegory that Spenser is concerned. Yet even when his characters are abstractions and vague ones too the poet again and again gives us small details which reveal his psychological insight and his observation of everyday human nature. The knight sees the angels go into the New Jerusalem with great joy as commonly as friend does with his friend (I x 500) and as he lets his humour peep out in describing the crowd staring fearfully at the dead dragon the poet shows us the mother angry with anxiety for her foolhardy child (I xii 91). On a broader scale is the right choice of the moment for the Red Cross Knight to be tempted by Despair—when he is weak from his imprisonment by Orgoglio and disgraced by his failure.

But if the allegory the structure the narrative the characterisation all in some considerable measure fail wherein lies the greatness of the poem? It is in the indefinable essence of poetry that pervades it in the incomparable music of its stanzas in its proud paintings and let the allegory stumble as it may in the high seriousness of its didactic pageant.

Sources of the Poem

To analyse in detail the wealth of reading that has been woven into the *Faerie Queene* would be like unpicking the threads from a great tapestry. Gabriel Harvey refers to Ariosto's long poem *Orlando Furioso*

(1546), which he says, Spenser "wil needes seeme to emulate and hope to overgo." It gave him the model of an intricate romance of chivalry, partly allegorical, and by it he was stimulated, and from it he took suggestions for incidents and details, while, however its pervasive cynical spirit left him untouched. Virgil's *Æneid*, too, both in a general way, and in detail, made its contribution. Further, Malory's *Morie d'Arthur* the treasury of Arthurian legend, is outstanding as a general inspiration, though Spenser's poem takes not King Arthur, but Arthur before he became King, and presents Arthur without Queen Guinevere and Lancelot, and Tristram without Iseult. The Bible again is a background to all his dreaming of fairyland; the use of the Book of Revelation in Book I is a prominent instance.

But to name these is merely to point to some of the most obvious debts owed by this poet, who, with Milton, is one of the most learned of English poets. He drew freely upon classical philosophers and poets. The identification of Beauty and Truth in Una is typical of his use of Platonic ideas. Homer, as a master of epic, inevitably influenced him. Much of his poetic ornament is a free handling of classical mythology, and of Pliny's natural history, and of Plutarch's *Lives*. He was familiar with medieval allegories such as the *Roman de la Rose* and all its followers. Like Philip Sidney he was clearly an enthusiastic reader of the medieval chivalrous romances, including perhaps *Sir Gauvain and the Green Knight*, which is the nearest thing in our literature to Spenser before Spenser came.

The *Faerie Queene* was begun before he knew Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, but he did not neglect that. He drew matter from his contemporary, Holinshed's *Chronicle*. He had studied in the school of the French *Pléiade*. In fact, his reading had been as wide and varied as it could be—he would have been no Renaissance poet if it had not been so—and he had assimilated all he read. The result, woven of all these borrowings of thought and story by a mind that delighted to

luxuriate in its resources in the rich tapestry of the *Faerie Queene*. And his honoured master was still Chaucer, "the well of English undefyled." Nor let it be forgotten that to all these literary influences must be added the experience of his own life and times.

The Allegory

Hazlitt declared that, if readers "do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them." That is true, for the poetry triumphs over it but it mattered very much to Spenser. We may enter care-free into fairyland, but the poet was all the time thinking of his own day and its problems. He sought to make poetry out of politics, and for us at least he succeeded only too well for far from seeming a poem that solves moral problems, or great issues lurking behind contemporary affairs, it is to us a poem in which we do not grapple with reality but take refuge from it.

Thus there are two allegories, the moral and the political. The moral allegory still stares us in the face. Book I is of the Red Cross Knight, who is Holiness and of Una, who is Truth. Book II is given to Sir Guyon, Temperance, Book III to the lady Britomart Chastity, Book IV to Cambell and Triamond, who embody perfect friendship, Book V to Sir Artegall Justice. Book VI to Sir Calidore, Courtesy, and the fragment of Book VII deals with Mutability, and would have been the story of Constancy. What the other virtues would have been we do not know. Over all is Prince Arthur or Magnificence, which "is the perfection of all the rest" (see p. 3). This moral allegory is clearest in the first two Books.

Within the moral allegory is the political allegory. Book V is almost a political tract, but the political allegory is prominent in Book I too, it is least evident in Books II, III, and IV. In Book I the Red Cross Knight is St. George of England as well as Holiness and again he is the Reformed Church. Archimago is the Papacy. Duessa is not only Falsehood, but Mary Queen of Scots, and also Mary Tudor. Sansjoy, Sansloy, and

Sansjoy an different aspects of the Moslem power. Orgoglio is Philip II of Spain. Arthur is the Reformed Church and the Earl of Leicester as well. But it is by no means clear how far we can trace this allegory or pursue it into detail with any success or profit. Broadly we see the conflict between the Reformed Church and the Papacy, the latter being allied with the Moslems and militant in the Spain of Philip II. There is little doubt that Error's vomit represents the war of pamphlets. Probably the satyrs are the Irish, if Sir Satyrane is Sir John Perrot and the victims of Lucifera may well be those of the Inquisition under Mary, just as the Lion, which protects Una, is probably Mary's father, Henry VIII the medium of the Reformation. But to make a continuous allegory of this is quite another thing. Spenser does not even keep to his Protestantism consistently, for the House of Holiness, with the flagellant Penitence is very like a Catholic monastery. The final solution is certainly a prophecy, and the whole is the triumph of the Reformation.

In Book I the moral allegory can be easily traced, and is summarised in VIII, 1-9. Holiness, led by True Faith, and accompanied by Reason (the Dwarf), sets out to rescue Humanity (the King and Queen) from Sin (the Dragon). He overcomes Error, but is separated from Truth by Deceit (Archimago). Alone, Holiness defeats Atheism (Sansjoy), but, though he might have taken warning from the fate of the Sceptic (Fradubio), he is deceived by Falsehood, and nearly falls a victim to Pride, though he conquers Pessimism (Sansjoy). He cannot, however, shake off Falsehood, who, when he is weak by the Fountain of Frailty, beguiles him, so that he now falls victim to another kind of Pride (Orgoglio). Reason brings Arthur to his help, and Truth rejoins him, but now he feels Remorse, and is nearly tricked into destruction by Despair. True Faith just succeeds in saving him, and takes him to the House of Holiness, where Patience, Penance, Chanty, and Contemplation give him back his lost strength. So he proceeds to achieve his mission, but only with the aid

of the Well of Life (the Gospel) and the Tree of Life (Christ) The people rejoice but Holiness still has other battles to fight

Even in this moral allegory there are flaws For instance in the House of Pride the fine pageant of the other six deadly sins looks as though it may be an insertion of one of Spenser's Pageants written earlier for it is not clearly related to the development of the moral allegory—it is over weight

The Painter Poet

Spenser has pre eminently the genius of the painter If he had been born in Italy he would have been another Titian a second Veronese Born in Flanders he would have outdone Rubens or Rembrandt say M Legouis His age was one of pageantry in official ceremonies in royal entertainments like the famous one given to the Queen at Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester in masques in the still surviving festivity of the Lord of Misrule at Christmas and of the Queen of the May On such things the poet's genius must have fed and on illuminated manuscripts and on famous tapestries and Italian pictures which he must have known at least by reputation Sidney was passionately interested in the arts of painting and sculpture and in his *Arcadia* forestalls Spenser in the care he lavishes on the painting in words of dress and scenery and the human form Spenser had plenty to stimulate his genius and the *Faerie Queene* is a great picture book

Many of his pictures are on the grand scale great tapestries and pageants such as the Six Deadly Sins (I iv) the Masque of Cupid (III xii) and the Pageant of the Seasons and the Months (VII vii) or large canvases of scenes and people like the Houses of Morpheus (I i) and Pride (I iv) and Holiness (I x) and Temperance (II ix) and again the Bower of Bliss (II xii) and the Temple of Isis (V vii)

The poet's imagination is always bodied forth in concrete images rich in colour but though the appeal is in general mainly to the eye he often makes such an

effective suggestion of sound, gesture, and movement that to call him only a painter is unfair: at times he is rather a pageant master than a painter of pageants, and his more static pictures are often *tableaux vivants*. Like a true son of the Renaissance he appreciates the loveliness of naked human bodies. He never tires of describing the rich beauty of costumes. He seems fascinated by the effect of light and shade, particularly of light, in the flashing of jewels, the blaze of gold foil, the dazzle of shields and helmets, the sparkling of water, the glow of women's limbs, or in the countenance, like "the glorious light" of Una's "sunshiny face."

The scenery as a whole is a somewhat vague background to the settings he conjures up in detail. The landscape is one of fairyland, an undefined region of vast forests, of "wildernesse and wastfull deserts," where wild beasts roam, a realm of enchantment common to the medieval romances. But there is also real scenery drawn from Irish scenes familiar to him, and, if his forests are vague, the sea and shore are often vivid. In fact, his scenery is often best in little glimpses, or short poetic illustrations, for, though he often takes many stanzas, he can make a few lines serve, as in the vivid glance at the great dragon "where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side of a great hill." The constant use of simile, too, makes the whole texture of his work pictorial.

As he contrasts light and shade, so he does beauty and horror. Much of his best painting is of the grotesque, horrible, and even revolting. Book I provides outstanding examples in Error, the Deadly Sins, Ignaro, Despair, the Dragon, and Duessa when revealed in her true nature. But perhaps he never excelled the "two old ill-favour'd Hags," Envy and Detraction, in V. xii. Such pictures remind us that the reverse side of Spenser the idealist is Spenser the satirist.

The Spenserian Stanza

The stanza, with its interwoven rimes (a b a b b c b e c) and its concluding alexandrine, is Spenser's own

invention perhaps suggested both by Chaucer's favourite stanza *rhyme royal* (a b a b b c c) and by the Italian *ottava rima* (a b a b c c). Its rhymes give it an unrivalled beauty of music its length and its concluding long line dignity and scope. It has its dangers when the poet nods it encourages padding and diffuseness and perhaps it suited too well Spenser's liking to elaborate his pictures. But it is capable of a remarkable variety of uses. It can be contemplative as in stanzas like I v 1 and I x 1 with which Spenser often begins a Canto. It fits a well wrought simile like a glove. It can narrate action as in I xi 23. It takes dialogue naturally as in I vii 40-41. Despair's argument (I ix 43-44) achieves a deadly plausibility in it.

This successful variety of uses is proof of its flexibility. Spenser can handle its structure its rhythms and its music as he wishes and no English poet has been so continuously a master of marrying the sound to the sense not only by means of the stanza itself but also by the internal use of assonance vowel variation alliteration and repetition. A study merely of his use of the alexandrine is a rich education in the technique of poetry. Sometimes it is the climax of the stanza at others the stanza dies away in its slow syllables as when Quiet lies Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemies and at other times again it lets the stanza close without emphasis (And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate) ready for the next stanza to follow smoothly. Sometimes the alexandrine is almost unbroken by a caesura

And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne hys backe full
low

At others with a light caesura

At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne

At others with a strong caesura or with two

What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain with
Paynim knife

" The conquest yours, I yours, the shield and glory
yours "

Sometimes the line is evenly balanced.

" Had he not stoupèd so he should have cloven bee "

Diction

Elizabethan poetry is characterised by experiment in diction as much as by metrical experiment. Writers eagerly made free with the resources of Latin, French and even Italian. Learned, everyday, and dialect words jostled side by side. One part of speech was used for another, nouns were coined from verbs, verbs from nouns, words were docked of a syllable, hybrids grew out of foreign words with English suffixes, and vice versa, new words were coined from old, existing words used out of their normal meaning, and Latin-derived words often employed in their Latin, not their English sense.

Ben Jonson said of Spenser that, in affecting the ancients, [he] writ no language, but it may be noted that the Authorised Version of the Bible was also not in the living speech of 1611. Spenser certainly indulged in much archaic diction drawn from Chaucer and elsewhere, and these archaisms and his dialect words were so prominent in the *Shepherd's Calendar* that Kirke in his Preface felt it necessary to make a dashing defence of them; but in the *Faerie Queene*, though these elements are still there, they are less obvious. The poet experimented with words in all the ways mentioned above, but he did so with discretion, obeying a conscious literary conscience, and adapting his diction to his context, just as he attuned his sound to his sense. The world of chivalry demanded an antique diction. The mother tongue was felt to be in need of beautifying, and its good old words must be given a new lease of life. Technical terms of hawking and the law should play their part as they do in Shakespeare's language. The result is not a "gallimaufry," but a complex, harmonised, poetic speech.

Elizabethan pronunciation was also fluid. Spenser often sounds the *es* of the genitive and plural and the verbal ending *ed*. French words frequently preserve their native accentuation e.g. *passion forêt cruell con science a veng-e ment*. The only guide to this is the scansion.

Grammar

Features of Spenser's grammar and syntax include these. The examples are all from Book I.

(1) *His* for *its* which did not come into use until the seventeenth century

(2) *His* to form the genitive of a noun as in *Sansfoy his shield*

(3) The use of *ye* for the accusative *you* e.g. ix 205

(4) *Your* in the sense of *you* as in *your ioyous sight*

(5) *That* for *what* e.g. ii 275

(6) Occasional weak nouns like *eien* (eyes)

(7) Infinitives in *en* for the sake of rhythm e.g. *to looken* iii 269

(8) False concord as in *thou that was* x 455 and *ashes was* viii 315

(9) Occasional pres. and plurals in *en* the usage of Chaucer and the M.E. Midland dialect e.g. *doen* iii 373 *dispredden* iv 153

(10) The past participial prefix *y* also a Chaucerian feature (O.E. *ge*) e.g. *ycladd*

(11) Past participles without *n* e.g. *broke*

(12) Strong verbal forms where the verbs are now weak e.g. *clomb* for *climbed*

(13) Omission of the subject as in i 35 iii 325

(14) *Who* for *and he* a Latin use e.g. i 397

- (15) Occasional gender, e.g. *time in her last term*,
ix 45
- (16) The common use of adjectives as adverbs, e.g.
i 144 iii 78
- (17) The intensive comparative e.g. *prouder for too
proud*, vi 314
- (18) Frequent absolute constructions after the Latin
- (19) The M.E. use of *do* in the sense *cause*, e.g.
xi 423

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

REPOUNDRING HIS WHOLE INTENT ON IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE WHICH,
FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER FOR THE
BETTER UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED

TO THE EIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNERYES AND HER MAJESTIES LIEFETENAUNT
OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the *Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you com-
manded, *to discover unto you the germane intention and* meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the hystorie of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historical, first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his *Odysseis* then Virgil,

whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas : after hunt Ariosto comprised them both in his *Orlando* : and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his *Rinaldo*, the other named Politice in his *Godfredo*. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthure*, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised ; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes : which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus cloudily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be. So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of *Arthure* whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have scene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out ; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in *Faery land*. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two

persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belpheobe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history. Of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes. The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce. The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recourring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes, upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Fanes desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse, which was that hee

might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that expleyt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much ganesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia, and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body Whereupon

Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belpheobe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intencion of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23 January 1589,

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenser

DEDICATION OF THE EDITION OF 1596.

TO
THE MOST HIGH
MIGHTIE
and
MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE RENOW
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TUE, AND ALL GRATIOUS
GOVERNMENT, ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE
OF ENGLAND, FRAUNCE AND
IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOUR OF THE
FAITH &c HER MOST
HUMBLE SERVAUNT
EDMUND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HU-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOURS TO LIVE
WITH THE ETERNI
TIE OF HER
FAME.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE
OR OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske, 1
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets steme to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse arreeds
To blazon broade amongst her learned throng
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne, 10
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hadden still,
Of Faene knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove, 19
Faure Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde,
Come, both, and with you bring triumphant Mard,
In loves and gentle polities arrayd,
After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright ! 28
 Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, a while !

CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holinesse
 Foule Error doth defeat
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
 Doth to his home entreate

I
 A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruell markes of many a bloody field,
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdainning to the curbe to yield:
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sit,
 As one for knightly gusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore, 10
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd.
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seem too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond, 19
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
 To winne him worshuppe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave
 And ever as he rode his hart did carne
 To prove his püssance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
 Upon his foe a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside, 28
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heave sate upon her palfrey slow
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had
 And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe, 37
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held,
 Till that infernall seed with soule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld,
 Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfie did lag, 46
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That evene wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand 55
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
 Whose lustie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
 Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar

VIII

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led, 64
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine propp Elme, the Poplar never dry,
 The bulder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
 The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall;

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours 73
 And Poets sage the Firre that weepeth still;
 The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill;
 The Murbe saete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
 The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way, 82
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne,
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in wanes unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
 So many pathes, so many turnings scene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare, 91
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about,
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods The Champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

'Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde, 100
 'Least suddaine mischief ye too rash provoke
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, with hold, till further tryall made.'
 'Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade'

XIII

'Yea but' (quoth she) 'the perill of this place 109
 I better wot then you though nowe too late
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whildest foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate
 This is the wandring wood this *Errours* den,
 A monster villē, whom God and man does hate
 Therefore I read beware' 'Fly, fly!' (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe) 'this is no place for living men'

XIV

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment, 118
 The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide
 But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
 And looked in his glistring armor made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plane, ✓
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthue, foule, and full of vile disdain

XV

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground, 127
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boug^{ht}tes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting Of her there bred ⁴⁰⁰
 A thousand young ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
 Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill^lavored
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide, 136
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale, 7
 Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
 Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt 145
 As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchard blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay,
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst. 2 146
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd, 154
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground. 2
 Tho, wrapping up her wretched sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint, 163
 Cried out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint,
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain,
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraîne.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw 172
 A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe.
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras
 Her filthie partbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell 181
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
 His fatue waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed,
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight, 190
 That, welnigh choked with the deadly stunke,
 His forces faile, he can no lenger fight
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide, 199
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their *murmurings*

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and scarefull more of shame 208
 Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would Jin;
 And stroke at her with more than manly force,
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,
 He rapt her hatefull heade without remorse.
 A streame of cole black blood forth gushed from her corse

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare 217
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadely, all with troublous feare
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth, but being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amaze, 226
 To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
 Devoure their dam, on whom while so he gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their belbes swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst
 Now needeth him no longer labour spend, [contend.
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should

XXVII

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre, 235
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And saide, ' Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
 Well worthie be you of that Armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
 And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie,
 Your first adventure many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !'

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe 244
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend
 That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne ever would to any by way bend,
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought
 So forward on his way (with God to frend) —
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought
 Long way he travel'd before he heard of ought

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way 253
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed as he went,
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low 262
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was,
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas
 ' Ah ! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) ' how should, alas !
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell, —
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas, —
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

XXXV

Arrived there, the hile house they fill, 307
 Ne looke for entertainement where none was,
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas,
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowd an *Ale-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast 316
 And the sad humor loading their eyehiddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slombring deaw the which to sleep them biddes
 Unto their lodgings then his guests he riddes —
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes
 He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes
 He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible 325
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
 With which, and other spelles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame
 And cursd heven, and spake reprochful shame
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd 334
 Legions of Sprights, the which, like hile flies
 Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
 Awaits whereto their service he applyes,
 To aide his friendes, or fray his enemies.
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes
 The one of them he gave a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake, 379
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name
 Of Hecate whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
 'Hether' (quoth he,) 'me Archimago sent,
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent'

XLIV

The God obayde, and, calling forth straight way 388
 A diuerse Dreame out of his prison darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heaue head, deuoid of carefull carke,
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
 And on his lile winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

-Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes, 397
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
 So lively and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him brought, 406
 Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled privily
 -And that new creature, borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carnie under feigned hew

CANTO II

The gallefull great Eucharister para
 The Redcrosse knight from Iru h
 Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
 And works him wofull ruth

I

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold terme behind the steadfast stone
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fast, and sendeth light from farre
 To all that in the wide deepe wandering are,
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus lery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome did fill

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning dreame, and that faire forged Spright,
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeding might
 Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
 And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright
 But, when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.

III

Now when the rosy fingered Morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through dewy are,
 And the high hills Titan discovered,
 The royall virgin shook off drousy hed,
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarte, that wont to wait each houre:
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that wofull stowre.

I

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede 64
 As her slowe beast could make, but all in vaine,
 For him so far had borne his light foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
 But every hyl and dale, each wood and plaine
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her whome she loved best.

IX

But subtile Archumago, when his guests 73
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
 Ih' end of his drift, he praised his diuelish arts,
 That had such might over true meaning harts
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smarts
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devise himselfe how to disguise, 82
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever Proteus to himselfe could make
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away O! who can tell
 The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on 91
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield, upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bough of heares discoloured diversly
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel address,
 And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare, 100
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flyng from his thoughts and gealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armed to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans fey, full large of limbe and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

Hee had a faire companion of his way, 109
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purfied with gold and pearle of rich assay ;
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a ware,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce, 118
 She intertaine her lover all the way ;
 But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
 She soon left off her mirth and wanton play.
 And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride
 And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adowne his coursers side
 The red blood trickling stand the way, as he did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide 127
 Spurring so hote with rage disputeous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebut, and ech to other yeeldeth land.

XVI

As when two rams sturd with ambitious pride, 136
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meete, that with the terror of the shooke,
 Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe, 145
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies
 Who well it wards and quyteth cuff with cuff
 Each others equall puissance envies
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce repining courage yields
 No foote to foe the flashing fier flies
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
 And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

XVIII

'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin,) 154
 'That keepes thy body from the bitter fit'
 Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hude thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest, [blest
 And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly

XIX

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark 163
 Of native vertue gan estsoones revive,
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head He, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh, at last it fitted is,
 Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall 172
 Like the old runnes of a broken towre,
 Stood not to waile his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre,
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
 (The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay

XXI

Shée turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce, 181
 Cried, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse low,
 In so rich weedes, and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroecke heart,
 And said, 'Deare dame, your sudden overthrow
 Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
 And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.'

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan shée thus lament. 190
 'The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to thy powre
 Was (O! what now availeth that I was?)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas

XXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age, 199
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:
 Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed sone,
 And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

' His blessed body, spould of lively breath, 203
 Was afterward, I know not how, conaid,
 And fro me had of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid
 O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid '
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
 With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind

XXV

' At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin 217
 To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could never win
 There bes he now with soule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he ly'de, was called proud Sans foy,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy,
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans loy

XXVI

' In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate, 226
 Now miserable I, Fudessa, dwell,
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well '
 He in great passion al this while did dwell
 [More busying his quicke eyes her face to view,
 Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell,
 And said, ' faire lady, hart of flint would rew
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew

XXVII

' Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest, 235
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe that did you molest,
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.'
 With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And shee coy lookes so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traueiled, 244
 Til, weary of their way, they came at last
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
 And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
 Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round
 The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
 Under them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie, 253
 For the coole shade him thither hastily got
 For golden Phoebus, now that mounted he,
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
 Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That living creature mote it not abide,
 And his new Lady it endured not
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes, 262
 With goodly purposes, there as they sit,
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight that liued yit,
 Which to express he bends his gentle wit.
 And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A gurlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough; out of whose riste there came
 Smal drops of gory blond, that trickled down the same

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard, 271
 Crying, 'O! spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
 But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
 O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare!
 Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove:
 And with that sudden horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion 280
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake
 'What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire
 Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speeches rare,
 And ruefull plants, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?

XXXIII

Then, groning deep, 'Nor damned Ghost,' (quoth he,) 290
 'Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake,
 But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree,
 Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformed, and plast in open plaines,
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines,
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines'

XXXIV

'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,' 298
 Quoth then the Knight, 'by whose mischievous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
 He oft finds med cine who his griefe imparts,
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striveth to suppress'
 'The author then,' (said he) 'of all my smarts,
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
 That many errant knights hath broght to wretchednesse

XXXV

'In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott 307
 The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree,
 With whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
 Me chanced of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
 Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XL

‘Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame, 352
 And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
 When Witches wout do penance for their crime,)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in longane and thyme
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rewe

XLII

‘The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare 370
 Perceiv’d my thought, and, drownd in sleepe night
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight,
 Where now, enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.’

XLIII

‘But how long time, said then the Elfin knight, 379
 ‘Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?’
 ‘We may not chaunge,’ (quoth he,) ‘thus evill plight,
 Till we be bathed in a living well
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell’
 ‘O! how,’ sayd he, ‘mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well?’
 ‘Time and suffised fates to former Lynd
 Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.’

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight, 388
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dremment,
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound
 Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her sownd

XLV

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare, 397
 As all unwiting of that well she knew;
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
 At last she up gan lift with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
 And oft her kist. At length, all pasted feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III

Forsoaken Truth long seekes her love,
 And makes the Lyon mylde,
 Marres blind Devotions waite, and fals
 In hand of leachour vyld

I

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollow nesse, 1
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightness blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

II.

And now it is empassioned so deepe, 10
 For fairest Unses sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill menting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deriv'd to that vile witches shaire.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while 19
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples prease, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd
 To seeke her knight, who subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandoned. She, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way, 28
 From her unhastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shadie place,
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood 37
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse,
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet, 46
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weete.
 O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection

VII

'The Lyon Lord of euerie beast in field,' 55
 Quoth she, 'his princely pурсance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake dots yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate
 But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?'

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint, 64
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood
 With pittie calmed doune fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate, 73
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligēt,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd:
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde, 82
 By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine bore;
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
 That on her shouldiers sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
 To weat if dwelling place were nigh at hand,
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
 Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away for never in that land
 Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew

91

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
 As if her life upon the wager lay,
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night nought could she say,
 But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame Una, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere

100

XIII

Whuch when none yeilded, her unruly Page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent
 And let her in, where, of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
 Shee found them both in darksome corner pent,
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say

109

XIV

And to augment her painefull pennance more,
 Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackedcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bit,
 But now, for feare her beads she did forgett
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
 Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fit,
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may

118

xv

The day is spent, and cometh drowsie night. 137
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
 Sad Lina downe her lares in weary plight,
 And at her lecte the Lyon watch doth keepe
 In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
 For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light

xvi

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye 136
 Above the shynie Cassiopeias chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned be
 One knocked at the dore and in would fare
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That ready entraunce was not at his call,
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stелth, and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall

xvii

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe, 145
 Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
 And poore men's boxes of their due reliefe,
 Which given was to them for good intents
 The holy Saints of their rich vestments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
 And spoild the Priests of their habiliments
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
 Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

xviii

And all that he by right or wrong could find, 154
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
 Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
 With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know
 And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
 And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet, 163
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize
 The Lyon frayed them, him in to let.
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
 Encountring fierce, him sudden doth surprize,
 And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
 Under his Lordly foot him proudly bath supprest

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call, 172
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred bath the thirsty land
 Dronke up his life, his corse left on the strand
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heave hap which on them is alight,
 Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered has, 181
 Up Una rose up rose the lyon eke,
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
 That for his love refused deuty
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye [me
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne, 190
 That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
 Came forth, and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
 To follow her that was the causer of their ill

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray, 199
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile, 208
 Shee backe retourned with some labour lost,
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
 A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;
 But subtile Archmag, that Una sought
 By traynes into new troubles to have taste:
 Of that old woman tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought

Therewith she gan her passion to renew, 217
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
 That caused her shed so many a bitter teare;
 And so forth told the story of her feare
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
 And after for that Lady did inquere,
 Which being taught, he forward gan aduance
 His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce

Ere long he came where Una traveld slow, 226
 And that wilde champion wayting her besyde,
 Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
 Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
 Unto an hil, from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
 Approaching nigh she wist it was the same; {came:
 And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

XXVII

And weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord, 235
 Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death unto my deare heart light
 For s nce mine eye your ioyous sight did mis
 My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is
 But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis!'

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame, 244
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leave that have me loved stil,
 And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwill
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
 To bring forth fruit and make eternal derth,
 Then I leave you my lfe yborn of heavenly berth

XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long 253
 Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place,
 Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace,
 But knight he now shall never more deface
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
 Well to accept, and evermore embrace
 My faithfull service, that by land and seas {appease'
 Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence 262
 Of all her passed paines one loving howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence, —
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre
 Shee has forgott how many a woful stowre ?
 For him she late endurd, she speakes no more
 Of past true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe, his eyes be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyl'd so sore.

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten manneere,
 That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
 Ofte soure in swelling Tethys salush teare,
 And long time having tand his tawney hede
 With blissing breath of Heaven, that none can hede,
 And scorching flames of furce Orions bound,
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearfull whistle merly doth sound, (around
 And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him pledg

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found; 38a
 And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship far come from watre wilderness,
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment,
 Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see 389
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
 That through his fierinesse somed all with sweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 7 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
 And on his shield Sawney in bloody lines was dyde

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre, 398
 And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
 Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did fiant through feare,
 To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele;
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron beele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce 307
 And full of wrath, that, with his sharpbead speare,
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce,
 And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare
 Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
 He, tomling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed, 316
 He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
 And proudly said, 'Lo! there the worthie meed
 Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
 When mourning altars, purgd with enemies life,
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake (take'
 Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansfoy shall from thee

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace, 325
 Till Una crde, 'O! hold that heavie hand,
 Deare Sur, what ever that thou be in place
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy Mercy not withstand,
 For he is one the truest knight alive,
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
 And, whilst him fortune favourd, sayre did thrive
 In bloody field, therefore, of life him not deprive.'

XXXVIII

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage, 334
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slayne him streight, but when he sees his age,
 And hoarne head of Archimago old
 His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
 And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight
 For the old man well knew he, though untold,
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight

XXXIX

And said, 'Why Archumago, lucklesse syre, 343
 What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
 He answered nought, but in a trauunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doon away,
 He left him lying so, he would no longer stay.

XL

But to the virgin comes, who all this while 352
 Amazed stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI

But her fiers seruant, full of kingly aw 361
 And high disdain, whenas his sovaine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes.
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes (drawes
 He bath his shield redeemed, and fourth his sword he

XLII

Of then, too weake and feeble was the forse 370
 Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand,
 For he was strong, and of so myghtie corse,
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And scates of armes did wisely understand.
 Eit soones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
 He ro'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid 379
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
 Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismayd,
 Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill
 He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
 Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine, 388
 And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares,
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But *followes her far off, ne ought he seares*
 To be partaker of her wandring woe,
 More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV

To sinfull hous of Pryde Doessa
 Guydes the faithfull knight,
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
 Doth chaleage him to fight.

I

YOUNG knight, whatever that dost armes professe, 1
 And through long labours hunttest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
 In choise, and change of thy deare-loved Dame,
 Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove
 For unto knight there is no greater shame
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love
 That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
 And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
 Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
 Long with her travelld, till at last they see
 A goodly building bravely garnished;
 The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet which thether travelld

III

Great troupes of people travelld thetherward
 Both day and night, of each degree and place,
 But few returned, having scaped hard,
 With halefull beggerie, or soule disgrace,
 Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
 And golden soule all over them dispaint,
 That purest skye with brightnesse they disdaind
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,
 And goodly galleries far over laid,
 Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres.
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shook itt:
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spee,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right; 46
 For still to all the gates stood open wide
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
 Cald Malvend, who entrance none denide
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight.
 Infinite sortes of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bight.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round, 55
 And to the Presence mount, whose glorious vew
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound
 In living Princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew,
 Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
 Like ever saw And there a noble crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side, [beautifide
 Which with their presence fayre the place much

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spread 64
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day
 On which there sate, most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
 In glistring gold and peerelesse precious stone; to r an f
 Yet her bright blaring beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe, 73
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyeen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
 And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdain,
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate
 Lo! underneath her scornfull fecte was layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
 And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
 Wherein her face she often viewed sayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

82

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell,
 Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
 And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
 Or if that any else did Jove excell,
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyre.

91

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soverantie,
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
 Ne rul'd her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong advizement of six wizards old,
 That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome did uphold.

100

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
 And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
 A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
 Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great Mayestee

109

XIV

With loslie eyes, halfe loth to look so lowe, 118
 She thancked them in her disdainefull wise,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of Princesse worthy scarce them bad arise
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre, each others greater pride does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne, 127
 Right glad with him to hve increast their crew,
 But to Duess each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
 For in that court whylome her well they knew
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriseth from her stately place 136
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call
 All hurtilen forth, and she, with princely pace,
 As faire Aurora in her purple pall
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call
 So forth she comes, her brightness brode doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other upon her to gaze
 Her glorious glitter and lght doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII

So forth she comes and to her coche does clyme, 145
 Adorned all with gold and gylonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Junoes golden chaire, the which, they say, 2
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad, 190
 For other clothes he could not weare for heate,
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat,
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can
 In shape and life more like a monster then a man

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing, 199
 And eke unhable once to sturre or go,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo
 Full of diseases was his carcas-blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew

XXVII

And greedy Avance by him did ride,
 Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious metall full as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heap of coine he told,
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And unto hell him selfe for money sold
 Accursed usury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste, 244
 And thred bare cote, and cobled shoes, hec ware,
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare
 Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to, but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath, 289
 Upon a Lion, loth for to be led,
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed
 His eyes did hurle forth sparckes fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded
 And on his dagger still his hand he held
 Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was stand with blood 298
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood,
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement
 But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruel facts he often would repent,
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath 307
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rançours rusty knufe,
 And fretting gnefe, the enemy of life
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI

And, after all, upon the wagon beame, 316
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the lacies teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showing for joy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land,
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculs and bones of men whose life had gone astray

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort, 325
 To take the solace of the open aye,
 And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport
 Amongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The soule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike awaie.

XXXVIII

So, having solaced themselves a space 334
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe retourned to the princely Place,
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writt *Sansfoy*, they new arrived find
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind

XXXIX

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy 343
 He spide with that same faery champions page,
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage,
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage
 Of victors glory from him snacht away
 But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdaund to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
 And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray

XL

Therewith they gan to hurten greedily, 352
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine,
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
 And, if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim bold, 361
 'Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shameful treason who through guile hath slayn
 The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
 Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn

XLII

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile, 370
 His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloodie field and bought with woe
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
 So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe.'
 Hum little answerd th' angry Elin knight,
 He never meant with words but swords, to plead his right

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge 379
 His cause in combat the next day to try
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy
 That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
 For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all [call
 Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd 388
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
 The warlike youtnes, on dayntie couches layd,
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory
 But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV

Whom broud awake she findes, in troublous fitt, 397
 Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoves with speeches seeming fitt:
 'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
 Cause of my new grieve, cause of my new ioy,
 Ioyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye,
 Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye'

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her saytely greet, 406
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart
 Then, sighing soft, 'I learne that little sweet
 Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with muchell smart:
 For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
 Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heaue stowe.

XLVII

'At last, when perils all I weened past, 415
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast
 By this false saytor, who unworthie ware
 His worthie shueld, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
 Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
 And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
 For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII

'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light, 425
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
 To you th' inheritance belonges by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
 Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above {move.
 From wandering Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse

XLIX

Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought dismaid 433
 For sorrowes past, their grieve is with them gone
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 Though grieved ghost for vengeance deep do grone
 He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.'

L

'O I but I feare the fickle freakes,' (quoth shee) 442
 'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field'
 'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?'
 'Yea, but,' (quoth she) 'he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchanted armes, that none can percee,
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.'
 'Charmd or enchanted,' answerd he then ferce,
 'I no whitt reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

LI

'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile, 451
 Or enemies powre, hath now captured you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
 Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
 And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew'
 'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she said)
 'With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew
 Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
 Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she him obaid.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
 Subdues his faithlesse foe,
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for
 His cure to hell does goe

I

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought, 1
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent
 Such restlesse passion did all night torment
 The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
 Devising how that doughtie turnament
 With greatest honour he atchieven might
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

II

At last, the golden Orientall gate 10
 Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
 And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire,
 And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
 Which when the wakeful Life perceiv'd, streight way,
 He started up, and did him selfe prepare
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array,
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall; 19
 Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 There many Minstrales maken melody,
 To drive away the dull melancholy;
 And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voyces cunningly;
 And many Chroniclers, that can record
 Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lover.

IV

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin, 28
 In woven maile all armed warily,
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
 Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
 They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
 And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd
 To kindle heat of corage privily,
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
 To observe the sacred lawes of armes that are assynd

V

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene 37
 With royall pomp and princely majestie
 She is ybrought unto a piled greene,
 And placed under stately canapee,
 The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
 On th' other side in all mens open vew
 Duessa placed is and on a tree
 Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew,
 Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew

VI

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye, 46
 And unto battaill bad them selves addresse
Their shining shueldes about their wrestes they tye,
 And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
 The instruments of wrath and heavynesse.
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,
 And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong, 55
 And heaped blows like yron hammers great,
 For after blood and vengeance he did long
 The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat,
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both doe beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fine light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right. 64
 As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
 A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
 That would his rightfull ravine rend away.
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce so sore that they the heavens affray;
 The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
 Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right, 73
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe.
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow;
 With which the armes, that carst so bright did show,
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynym chaunst to cast his eye, 81
 His sudden eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brether's shield, which hong thereby;
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said; 'Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?
 And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

~*~

XI

'Goe, gaytive Elfe, him quickly overtake, 91
 And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe:
 Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe.'
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twice he reeled, readie twice to fall:
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
 The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and I, and all!'

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake, 100
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woven weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake
 Tho mov'd with wrath and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said, 'Goe now, proud Miscreant, 109
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare,
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.'
 Therewith his heaue hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine, when lo! a darkesome clowd
 Upon him fell he no where doth appeare
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls aloud
 But answer none receives, the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose, 118
 And to him running said, 'O! prowtest knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
 Let now abate the terroure of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloodie vengeance lo! th infernall powres,
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres {yours'
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye 127
 He sought all round about, his thirsty blade
 To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy,
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
 He standes amazed how he thence should fade
 At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene; 136
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service scene.
 Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,
 Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people followe with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed, 145
 Where many skilful leaches him abide
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly can embalne on everie side
 And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
 Him to beguile of griefe and agony,
 And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveler, that strages 154
 By muddy shore of broad seven mouthed Nile,
 Unweeting of the penillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;
 The foolish man, that pities all this while
 His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa until eventyde, 163
 That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light;
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes unto the place where th' Hethen knight,
 In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
 But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad, 172
 That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Already harnesssed for iourney new,
 And cole blacke steedes y borne of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright, 181
 Adorn'd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
 For never did such brightnes there appeare,
 And would hate backe retyred to her cave,
 Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
 Saying, ' Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
 Abyde, till I have told the message which I have.'

XXII

She stayd, and soorth Duessa gan proceede. 190
 ' O! thou most auncient Grandmother of all
 More old then Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods caelestiaall,
 Which wast begot in Demogorgons hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade.
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
 Lo! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade

XXIII

' And him before, I saw with bitter eyes 199
 The bold Sansjoy shrinck underneath his speare
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on growing beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aueugles sonnes so evil heare?
 Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne
 When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne?

XXIV

'Up, then' up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene! 208
 Go, gather up the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe thou avenge, and let be seene
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
 And can the children of fayre light deface.'
 Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
 Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd
 Till then, for evermore she hated, never lov'd.

XXV

And said, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rewe 217
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes which their foes enswe:
 But who can turn the stream of destinée,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to loves eternall seat?
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great
 To make one great by others losse is bad excheat

XXVI

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all, 226
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
 And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
 Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kill?'
 'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa am,'
 Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt
 And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came,
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.'

XXVII

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist 235
 The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre face
 The false resemblaunce of Deceit, I wist,
 Did closely lurke, yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
 Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
 Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
 O welcome, childe! whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seene unwares. Lo! now I go with thee.'

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes, 244
 And with her beares the fowle welſavourd witch.
 Through turkſome aire her ready way ſhe makes
 Her twyfold ſeme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlik, 1
 Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne ever ſtampe
 Unleſſe ſhe chaunſt their ſtubborne mouths to twitch,
 Then, ſoming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

XXIX

So well they ſped, that they be come at length 253
 Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward ſence and native ſtrength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from view of day,
 And ſight of men, ſince his late luckeſleſſe fray.
 His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud congeald, 2
 They binden up ſo wiſely as they may,
 And handle ſoftly, till they can be heald
 So lay him in her charett, cloſe in night conceald 1

XXX

And, all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground, 262
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th' unwonted ſound,
 With which her yron wheeles did them affray.
 And her darke griesly looke them much diſmay
 The meſſenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With dreery ſhriekes did alſo her bewray,
 And hungry wolves continually did howle
 At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in ſilence ſoſte they stole, 271
 And brought the heavy corſe with eaſy pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole,
 By that ſame hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
 With ſmoake and ſulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell there creature never paſt,
 That backe retourned without heavenly grace,
 But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have braſt, 1
 And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men aghaſt.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive 280
 Their mournfull charett, filld with rusty blood,
 And downe to Plutoes house are come bilyng
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stony eyes, and all the hellish brood
 Of seeds infernall flockt on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron, 289
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus 293
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venomous,
 And jilted forth his bloody flaming tong.
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, untill dayes enemy
 Did him appease, then downe his taile he hong,
 And suffered them to passen quietly;
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele, 307
 For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, no might from labour lin,
 There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
 And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
 Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin;
 Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law;
 And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw

XXXVI

They all beholding worldly wights in place, 316
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them, who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part,
 Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedlesse,
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XL

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain 352
 When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore
 Where, long remaining he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI

There auncient Night arriving did alight 361
 From her nigh wearie wayne, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight
 Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
 A Jordonne wight from dore of death mote raise
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

'Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou temptest me in vaine, 371
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I reu,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray {day?'
 The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both night and

XLIII

'Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that heavens king 379
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And ferrest not that more thee hurien might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou farre renowned sonne
 Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.'

XLIV

Her words prevaild And then the learned leach 388
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els the which his art did teach:
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 'The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
 And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
 To runne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
 In westernne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duesse, leaving noyous Night, 397
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride
 Where when she came, she found the Faery Knight
 Departed thence, albe his woundes wyde
 Not throughly heald unreadie were to ride.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfie had spide
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytive wretched thrals, that wayled night and day:

XLVI

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie, 406
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivtie,
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath and Lowes false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and die in wretchednesse

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon, 415
 That would compeil all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call upon ,
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
 There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
 His hart too high through his great richesse store ,
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was, 424
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ,
 And after him old Ninus far did pas
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne, 433
 Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The Antique ruins of the Romaines fall
 Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all ,
 Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus ,
 Stout Scipio, and stubbornne Hanniball ,
 Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius ,
 High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt, 443
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt a,
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke
 Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke,
 With wilfull chord for wanting of her will ,
 High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill,
 And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

LII

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralls, 451
 Which thither were assembled day by day
 From all the world, after their wofull fallies,
 Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay
 But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
 Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

LIII

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould, 460
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight
 Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But early rose; and, ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde,
 For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way, 469
 For many corses, like a great Lay stall,
 Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
 Without remorse or decent funerall,
 Which al through that great Princesse pride did fall,
 And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,
 Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
 A Donghull of dead carcasses he spyde,
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 Fayre Una is releast :
 Whom salvage nation does adore
 And learues her wise behest

I

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile, ~
 The Marriner yet halfē amazed stares
 At penill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To joy at his foolhappie oversight
 So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
 The layre Duesse had lorst him leave behind
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed
 Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
 Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
 Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake

10

VI

The pitteous maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
 And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes,
 And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implies, ~
 And hides for shame. What wit of mortal wight
 Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

40

VII

Eternall providence, exceeding thought, 55
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way.
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Irons clawes to pluck the griped pray
 Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resound.
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

VIII

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice, 64
 In haste forsooke their rurall meniment,
 And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce, 4
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place, 73
 There find the virgin, dolefull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and sayre blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate.
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state.
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight

X

She, more amard, in double dread doth dwell, 82
 And every tender part for feare does shake.
 As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger fell,
 A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
 A Lyon spies fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
 With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
 Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had,
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad,
 Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad,
 And rustick horror, all aside doe lay,
 And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 So comfort her, and, feare to put away
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barbarous truth,
 But still twixt feare and hope amard does sit
 Late leard what harme to hasty trust ensueth
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth,
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne {sayne.
 Doe kisse her seete, and sawne on her with count'nance

XIII

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
 And yieldees her to extremitie of time
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
 They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous Pryme,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round
 Shouting and singing all a shepheards ryme,
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as Queene with olive gurlond croud

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring
 And with their horned fest doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring,
 Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
 To weete the cause, his weake steps governing
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yvie twyue his waste is girt about

XV

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ; 127
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
 Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
 They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent
 The God himselfe, viewing, that mirthour rare,
 Stood long amard, and burnt in his intent.
 His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
 And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat, 136
 And worship her as Goddessse of the wood,
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
 To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood
 Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
 But Venus never had so sober mood :
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revine 145
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture Elite,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse ;
 For grieve whercof the lad n'ould after joy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades, 154
 Her to behold do thither runne apace ;
 And all the troupe of light foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face ;
 But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace.
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid 163
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that salvage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseryes.
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th Image of Idolatryes,
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne {fayn
 From her own worship, they her Asse would worship

XX

It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight 172
 By just occasion to that Forrest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
 From whence he tooke his weldeserved name
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI

A Satyres sonne, yborne in Forrest wyld, 181
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Theron, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more joy to raunge the Forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures wayne.

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp was but 208
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare,
 And eke wyld roring Bulls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare,
 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
 That his own eyre, and maister of his gunse,
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke, for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell,
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Boar,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fier and fell;
 And them constraine in equall tyme to draw.
 Such ioy he had their stubborn hartes to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
 Untill, with love revokt from vaine alight,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say:
 ' Ah Satyrane, my darling and my ioy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
 To dally thus with death is no fit toy -
 Go, find some other play fellowes, mine own sweet boy'

XXIX

In these and like delightes of bloody game
 He trayned was, till typer years he raught, 53
 And there abode, whilst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force and then his courage haught
 Desyrd of forreine soemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,
 In which his might was never overthrowne
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown

XXX

Yet evermore it was his manner faire, 262
 After long labours and adventures spent,
 Unto those native woods for to repaire,
 To see his syte and gyspring auncient.
 And now he thither came for like intent,
 Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
 Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisdoms heavenly rare, 271
 Whose like in womens witt he never knew,
 And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes few,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learned her discipline of faith and verity

XXXII

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight, 280
 Hir wandring penill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in privy wise
 To Satyrane she shewed her intent,
 Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
 How with that pensive Maud he best might thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone 289
 To do their service to Sylvanus old,
 The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
 He led away with corage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe
 In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine, | plume.
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day 298
 They traveld had, whenas they far espide
 A weary wight forwardning by the way,
 And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
 To weete of news that did abroad betide,
 Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse,
 But he them spying gan to turn aside
 For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
 More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne, 307
 And soild with dust of the long dried way;
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traveld many a somers day
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
 And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
 His weary limbs upon, and eke behind
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

XXXVI

The knight, approaching nigh, of him inquerd 316
 Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
 But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
 Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red?
 'Ay me! Deare dame,' (quoth he) 'well may I rewe
 To tell the sad sight which mine eyes have red;
 These eyes did see that knight both living and eke ded.'

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrid,
 That sudden cold did ronne through every vaine,
 And stony horror all her sences fild
 With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared up againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe
 Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden grieve
 The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd the chief

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus 'I chaunst this day, 334
 This fatall day that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in battel new,
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life [knife.'
 What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim

XXXIX

'Ah! dearest Lord,' (quoth she) 'how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?' 344
 'Ah! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) 'how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?'
 'Where is,' (said Satyrane) 'that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and us of joy, hath reft?'
 'Not far away,' (quoth he) 'he hence doth wonne,
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him leste [cleft.'
 Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele were

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast, 352
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast,
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress
 Faire Una, whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him deside.

XII

And said, ' Arise, thou cursed Miscreant, 361
 That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train,
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain :
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.'
 The Sarazin, this hearing, rose again,
 And, catching up in hast his thre square shield
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field

XIII

And, drawing nigh him, said, ' Ah ! misborn Elfe, 370
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
 Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe :
 Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent :
 That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew ;
 But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
 'Th' enchaunter vame his error should not rew
 But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven frew.'

XIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell, 379
 To thunder blowes, and fierly to assaile
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any living eye.
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile,
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie
 Both hongred after death ; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue, 388
 That, fainting, each themselves to breathen let,
 And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
 As when two Bores, with ranciling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret ;
 Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
 Where forming wrath their cruell tusks they whett,
 And trample th' earth, the whales they may respire,
 Then hacke to fight againe, new bresthed and entir

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once, 397
 They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely then before,
 That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
 They both, deformed scarsely could bee known.
 By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
 Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin 406
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin
 And leste the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie,
 But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other businesse plie
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid
 Wherewith he al entag'd these bitter speeches said

XLVII

'O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad 415
 Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
 Were it not better I that Lady had
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
 To love another Lo! then for thine ayd,
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
 So they to fight, the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told, 424
 Being in deed old Archumage, did stay
 In secret shadow all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray
 But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay
 But for to tell her lamentable case,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
 By Gyant proud opprest;
 I since Arthurs death with Una greatly
 With those sweetest distressed

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to decry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which Deceit doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her coulours, dyed drepe in graine,
 To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faune,
 And sitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fdlessnes name.

II

Who when, returning from the dreery Night,
 She found not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
 Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
 Her hoped pray, she would no longer byde,
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she found, whereas he wearie aile
 To rest him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III

Hee leedes upon the cooling shade, and hayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
 Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kynd
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
 The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet, [sweet
 With fowle words tempting faire, soure gall with hony

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat, 28
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountaine like a guirond made,
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade
 The sacred Nymph, which therein went to dwell,
 Was out of Dianas favor, as it then befell

V

The cause was this one day, when Phœbe sayre 37
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
 Satt downe to rest in midst of the race
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
 And badd the waters which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
 And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was, 46
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
 His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt,
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
 And cheareful blood in faintnes chull did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame, 55
 Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame,
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
 Upstart lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

C VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight, 64
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
 His living like saw never living eye,
 Ne durst behold . his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed

X

So growen great, through arrogant delight 82
 Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did acorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse, his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan aduance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towardes him with dreadfull fury prauce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
 And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow;
 Yet so exceeding was the velleins powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his sences stound that still he lay full low

XIII

As when that diuelish yron Engin, wrought 109
 In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordound to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundering noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke,
 That th onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight, 118
 His heaue hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
 'O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
 O! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take'

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes, 127
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake
 So willingly she came into his armes
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his newfound make
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
 And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare, 136
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall majestye
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake 145
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake :
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same Monster much more ugly was,
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length, 154
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught :
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught ;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his mausters fall 163
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed ;
His mightie Armour, missing most at need ,
His silver shield, now idle, mausterlesse ;
His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
The rueful monuments of heavnesse ,
And with them all departes to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way 172
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilist Satyrane him from pursuit did let
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake ;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes 181
 Would faine have dyde dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes
 At last recovering hart, he does begin
 To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And everie tender part does fōsse and turne
 So hardly he the flitted life does win
 Unto her native prison to retourne,
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne

XXII

'Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight, 190
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould,
 The which my life and love together Tyde
 Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde

XXIII

'O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Love, 199
 First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
 And shut up heavens windows shyning wyde
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed
 And late repentance which shall long abyde
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seeled up with death shall have their deadly meed.'

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground, 208
 But he her quickly reared up againe
 Thrusē did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
 And thrusē he her reviv'd with busie paine,
 At last when life recover'd had the paine,
 And over wrestled his strong en fuy,
 With solting tong and trembling everie vaine,
 'Tell on' (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedie,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eyee.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet 253
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his Squyre, arrayed meet
 His glitterand armour shined far away
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray,
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, (rare
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone 262
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother perle, and buckled with a golden tong

XXXI . . .

His haughtie Helmet, horn'd all with gold, 271
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terroure bred
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
 His golden winges his dreadfull hideous hed,
 Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery red,
 That suddaine horreur to faint hartes did show
 And scaly taylor was stretcht adowne his backe full low

XXXII

Upon the top of all his lofely crest, 280
 A bunch of heares discolourd diversly,
 With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemed to daunce for iollity,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinus all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At evens litle breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire, 325
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmful head, thuse heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead square
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon butt,
 Who under him did trample as the aïre,
 And chaust that any on his backe should sitt
 The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

XXXVIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew, 334
 With lovely court he gan her entertaïne,
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraïne,
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose faïne,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
 Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say,

XXXIX

'What worlds delight, or joy of living speach, 343
 Can heart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip up griefe where it may not availe
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile'

XL

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight, 352
 'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great,
 For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart.
 Found never help who never would his hurts impart.'

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be tould, 361
 And can more easily be thought then said.'
 'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
 Could never will to might gives greatest aid.'
 'But griefe,' (quoth she) 'does greater grow displaid,
 If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.'
 'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is staid.'
 'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but flesh does paire.'
 'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but reason can repaire.'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well guided speach, 370
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach
 Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
 And said, 'Faie Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquere the secrets of my griefe,
 Or that your wisdoms will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:
 Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene 379
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
 Did ronne about, and their felicities
 The favourable heavens did not envy,
 Did spread their rule through all the territories,
 Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
 And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV

'Till that their cruell cursed enemy, 388
 An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
 With murtherous ravine, and devouring might,
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight
 Themselves, for feare into his lawes to fall,
 He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
 Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
 He has them now four years besiegd to make them thrall

XLV

Full many knights, adventurous and stout, 397
 Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew
 From every coast that heaven walks about
 Have thither come the noble Martuall crew,
 That famous harde atchievements still pursew,
 Yet never any could that gurlond win
 But all still shronke, and still he greater grew
 All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The piteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin

XLVI

' At last, yled with farre reported praise, 406
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spread,
 Of doughty knights whom Faery land did raise,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhed
 Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
 Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
 Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII

' Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
 There for to find a fresh unproved knight, 416
 Whose manly hands imbrawd in guilty blood
 Had never beene, ne ever by his might
 Had throwne to ground the unregarded right
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight,
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII

' And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre, 424
 His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
 Which have endured many a dreadful stowre
 Can speake his prowesse that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule, now he hath left you beare
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefll disadventurous deare.
 O! heare record of the good Redcrosse,
 Where have yee left your lord that could so well you tosse?

XLIX

' Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had, 433
 That he my captive languor should redeeme:
 Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
 His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
 My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
 That rather death desire then such despight.
 Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aught.

L

' Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke, 442
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where never soote of living wight did tread,
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead.
 In which him chaunced false Duesse meete,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeet.

LI

' At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid 451
 Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayd,
 Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
 The monster merclesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never foe before behold:
 And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedlesse for aie he doth him hold.
 This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.'

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint: 460
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake:
 ' Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint;
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
 For till I have acquit your captive knight,
 Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.'
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
 So forth they went, the Dwarfes them guiding ever right.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd, 28
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine.
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And Echoes three answer'd it selfe againe
 No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull frame,
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vaine.
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew, 37
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,
 And every dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyant selfe, dismayed with that sownd,
 Where he with his Duessa dalliance sownd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
 [powre.

And after him the proud Duessa came, 46
 High mounted on her many headed beast,
 And every head with fyne tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shuld
 Upon his manly arme he soone address,
 And at him fierly flew, with courage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through every member thild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight, 55
 Inflam'd with scornefull wraith and high disdain,
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
 All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
 But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
 It bootéd nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might 64
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay
 Did grone full grieuous underneath the blow, [show
 And trembling with strange feare did like an earthquake

IX

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent, a rage
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food, 7
 Enrold in flames and smouldring dreriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd, 82
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the Knight him at advantage fownd,
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smott off his left arme, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might
 Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound, 91
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne, he
 He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd
 That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Doe for the milky mothers want complain, n.
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw 100
 The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
 And threatnd all his heades like flaming brandes,
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountering fiers with single sword in hand,
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight, 109
 And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
 That stop out of the way to overthrowe,
 Scorning the let of so unequal foe
 But nathemore would that corageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage gaunst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine

XIV

Then tooke the angne witch her golden cup, 118
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,
 Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inner partes,
 Th' eternall bale of heauie wounded harts:
 Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes
 Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
 And all his sences were with sudden dread dismayd

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize, 127
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise
 That when the carefull knight gan well arise,
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squire into such thralldom brought:

XVI

And, high advauncing his blood thirstie blade, 136
 Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
 That of his puissaunce proud ensample made
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshaped more.
 A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field arownd,
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

XVII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine, 145
 That to have heard great horror would have bred,
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne.
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
 His gorgeous ryder from her lostie sted
 Would have cast downe, and trodd in durtie myre,
 Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured,
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
 Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII

The force, which wont in two to be disperst, 154
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were erst,
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was, 163
 Did loose his vels by chaunce, and open flew,
 The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz 172
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durty field,
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call,
 'O' helpe, Orgogho, helpe! or else we perish all.' *perish*

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd 181
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
 But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Them selves in vaine for, since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
 As where th' Almightyes lightning broad does light, *light*
 It dimmes the dazed eye, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest 190
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tombled, as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keen steele nigh hewen be;
 The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
 By subtle engins and malicious sight
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heavie make, *down*
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake,

XXIV

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray, 208
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
 But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall when false Quessa spyde, 217
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde
 Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did wound
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound
 But leaving all behind her fled away
 The light foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray

XXVI

The royall Virgin which beheld from farre, 226
 In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse and myld modestie,
 And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake
 'Fayre branch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII

'And you, fresh bud of vertue springing fast, 235
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such penill past
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and service evermore
 And he that high does sit, and all things see
 With equall eye, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
 And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree

XXVIII

' But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling, 244
 Have made you master of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,
 And, well begun, end all so well, I pray!
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away,
 For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all
 O heare, how piteous he to you for aȝd does call!

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre, 253
 That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;
 Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,
 Where living creature none he did espye.
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
 But no man car'd to answer to his crye
 There raignd a solemne silence over all, (hall
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or

XXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came 262
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guyde his weanie gate both too and fro,
 For his eye sight him sayled long ygo;
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
 The which unused rust did overgrow:
 Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold, 271
 How he did fashion his untoward pace;
 For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinkled face:
 Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead;
 His name Ignaro did his nature right ahead.

XXXII

His reverend beares and holy gravitee 280
 The knight much honor'd, as beseemed well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell
 Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell*
 Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
 Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
 Had made his caytive thrall againe he sayde,
He could not tell, he ever other answere made.

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas? 289
He could not tell, againe he answered.
 Thereat the curteous knight d spleased was,
 And said ' Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it sits with that same silver hed, *st. c. 8. v. 2*
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee
 But if thou be, as thou art pourttrahed
 With natures pen, in ages grave degree, *1 7*
 Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.'

XXXIV

His answer likewise was, *he could not tell* 298
 Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
 Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance
 Then, to him stepping from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance,
 Each dore he opened without any breach, *Inde*
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found, 307
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thung abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold.
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
 Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built 316
 An Altare, carry'd with cunning ymagery,
 On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
 And holy Martyres often doene to dye
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great grieve were often heard to grone, {none.
 That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and euerie bowr, 325
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
 At last he came unto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch to open it withall,
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
 With all his powre, to weet if living wight
 Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce 334
 These piteous plaintes and dolours did resound.
 'O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
 Of death, that nere I ye dying every stound,
 Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
 For now three Moones have changed thrice their !
 And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
 O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tyding

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point 344
 Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore
 And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so lowle forlore,
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
 With furious force and indignapon fell;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands, 352
 Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale and corage bold,
 After long paines and labors manifold
 He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare,
 Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare,
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI

His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits, 361
 Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view,
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rewe
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowes
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
 Were clone consum'd and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw to him she ran 370
 With hasty ioy to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who erst in floweres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, 'Ah dearest Lord! what evill starre
 On you hath fround, and poured his influence bad
 That of your selfe ye thus hero' bed arre,
 And this maseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe, 379
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
 And he on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathful wrakes them selves doe now alay,
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
 O' treble good good grows of evils griefe.
 The chearelesse man, wihom sorrow d'd dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his griefe,
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

'Faire Lady,' then said that victorious knight, 388
 'The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
 But th' onely good that growes of passed feare
 Is to be wise, and ware of like again.
 Thus daies ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

'Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might. 398
 Loe! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous length;
 And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
 The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.'
 'To doe her die,' (quoth Una) 'were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.'

XLVI

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid, 406
 And robd of rouall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all
 Then, when they had despoild her pre and call,
 Such as she was their eyes might her behold,
 That her misshaped parts did them appall
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld amaid they were, 433
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 'Such then,' (said Una,) 'as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood such the sight
 Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and countersesauce knowne.' }
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne, }
 They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

7

I

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face, 442
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fleed to the wastfull wildernesses apace,
 From living eies her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells
 The knights knit friendly bands
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre
 Whom Redcrosse knight withstan is.

I

O GOODLY golden chaine, wherewith yfere I
 The vertues linked are in lovely wize,
 And noble minde of yore allyeu were,
 In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprise,
 That none did others safety despise,
 Nor aid envy to him in need that stands,
 But friendly each did others praise devize,
 How to advaunce with favourable hands, [bands
 As this good Prince redeemed the Redcrosse knight from

II

Who when their powres, empaured through labor long,
 With dew repast they had recured well, II
 And that weake captive wight now waxed strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare as their adventures fell
 But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell,
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

III

'Faire virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'ye me require 19
 A thing without the compas of my wit;
 For both the bignage, and the certein Sure,
 From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yit;
 For all so soone as life did me admitt
 Into this world, and shewed heuens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
 And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
 To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might

IV

'Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive, 28
 Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 In warlike seates th' expertest man alive,
 And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
 From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
 His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
 There all my daies he trand me up in vertuous lore.

V

'Thither the great magicien Merlin came, 37
 As was his use, oftymes to visit mee,
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
 Of what lounes and what bignage I did spring,
 Whose aunswere had me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
 As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring.'

VI

VI

'Well worthy inpe,' said then the Lady gent, 46
 'And Pupill fitt for such a Tutours hand!
 But what adventure, or what high intent,
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
 Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martuall band?'
 'Full hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th' eternall might, [wight
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living

VII

'For whether he, through fatall deepe foresight, 55
 Me hither sent for cause to me unghest,
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
 You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.'
 'Ah I curteous Knight,' (quoth she) 'what secret wound
 Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?'

VIII

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes awake,
 Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow, 65
 Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
 Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
 And wasted life doe lye in ashes low
 Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire
 But, told, it flames, and, hidden, it does glow,
 I will revele what ye so much desire.
 Ah, Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX

'It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares, 73
 When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the cole of kindly heat appeares
 To kindle love in every living brest
 But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 As miserable lovers use to rew,
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo still wexeth new.

X

'That ydle name of love, and lovers life, 81
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
 I ever scornd, and loyd to sture up strife,
 In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire which them to ashes brent
 Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
 Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent,
 But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

'But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong, 91
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so soun'd,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or vnawares at disauantage fownd.
 Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd;
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
 Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

XII

'Ensamble make of him your haplesse ioy 100
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee,
 For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
 Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

XIII

'Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight 109
 From lustie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd;
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slombing soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly downe did lay:
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

'Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment 118
 She to me made, and badd me love her deare,
 For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
 As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
 But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
 Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
 As she to me delivered all that night;
 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV

'When I awoke, and found her place devoyd, 127
 And nought but pressed gras where she had lye,
 I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne,
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
 To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
 And never vowd to rest till her I synd
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet m'll that vow unbynd.'

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale, 136
 And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray,
 Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say
 'O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd.'

XVII

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Redcrosse knight, 145
 'Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
 O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace,
 For onely worthie you through prowes.priefe,
 Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lief.'

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves, 154
 The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursew,
 Als Una earnd her travell to renew
 Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
 And love establish each to other trew,
 Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure, 163
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wound could heale incontinent,
 Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
 A booke, wherein his Saviours testament
 Was wnt with golden letters rich and brave:
 A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way 172
 To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
 With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
 But she, now weighing the decayed plight
 And shrunkn synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recovered had his former hew;
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew

XXI

So as they traueild, lo! they gan espy 181
 -An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some scared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
 Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behynd
 Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had beene a sole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head 190
 To bee unarmed, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread:
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
 Nor life in limbe, and, to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his glstring armes does ill agree;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast, 199
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd.
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be asfayd,
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might
 'Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.'

XXIV

He answerd nought at all, but adding new 208
 Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspid
 Infernall furies with their chaines untide
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 The gentle knight, who nought to him replide,
 But, trembling every ioynnt, did inly quake, [shake,
 And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth to

XXV

'For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay,
 For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee' 218
 Eft looking back would faine have runne away,
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
 Could his bloud frozen hart emboldened bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach, [breach
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddain

XXVI

'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he) 226
 'From him that would have forced me to dye?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history?'
 'Fear nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is nye'
 'Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
 (Said he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
 Me rest from it, had bene partaker of the place

XXVII

'I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst I) 235
 With a fayre knight to keepe companee,
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 In all affyres, and was both bold and free ;
 But not so happy as mote happy bee .
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree ;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joyd to see her lover languish and lament :

XXVIII

'From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse, 244
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse I)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre :
 Who first us greets, and after fayre asseedes
 Of tydings straunge, and of adventures rare .
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts 253
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting gnefe,
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
 That earst us held in love of lingning life ;
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

XXX

'With which sad instrument of hasty death, 262
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath :
 But I, more fearefull or more luckie wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare ;
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare ;
 But God you never let his charmed speeches heare I'

XXXI

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with idle speach 271
 Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?'
 'I wote, (quoth he) 'whom tryall late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
 His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt h
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine,
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is rest, and weaknesse doth remaine.
 O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.'

XXXII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'hence shall I never rest, 280
 Till I that treachours art have heard and tride,
 And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.'
 I, that hight Trevisan,' (quote he) 'will ride
 Against my liking backe to doe you grace
 But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place,
 For lever had I die then see his deadly face.'

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight 289
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggie cleft ypyght,
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
 Shreking his balefull note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees, 298
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
 On which had many wretches hinged beene,
 Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,
 And throwne about the clifts Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
 But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darksome cave they enter, where they find 307
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :
 His grieue lockes, long grown and unbound,
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
 His raw bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts, 316
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt about ;
 And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A dreame corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallowd in his own yet luke-warne blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
 In which a russe knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing blood.

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew 315
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Roderosse knight did vew,
 With fine zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
 And to the villen said ; ' Thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact we here behold,
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right, [right ?'
 With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in

XXXVIII

' What franticke fit,' (quoth he) ' hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ? 315
 What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
 But he should die who merites not to live ?
 None els to death this man despayring drive
 But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his dew to give ?
 Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath ?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unceath ?

XXXIX

' Who travailes by the wearene wandring way, 343
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
 Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
 And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast!
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

XL

' He there does now enioy eternall rest 352
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest.
 What if some little paine the passage have,
 That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,
 Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please '

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddaine wit, 361
 And said, ' The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed.'
 ' Who life did limit by almightie doome,'
 (Quoth he) ' knowes best the termes established,
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome, 364
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.'

XLII

' Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne 370
 In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
 To die againe? All ends that was begonne
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certaine date
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie? [nor why
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,

XLIII

'The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin ; 379
 The greater sin, the greater punishment .
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
 Through strife, and blood shed, and avengement,
 Now prayd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent ;
 For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
 Is not enough thy evil life forespent ?
 For he that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV

'Then doe no further goe, no further stray, 388
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may ;
 For what hath life that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ,
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life

XLV

'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need, 397
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state ,
 For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless dissaventures did amate
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call ,
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou must happen fall

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin ! desire 406
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee ?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa wild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe delide ?

XLVII

' Is not he iust, that all this doth behold 415
 From highest heven, and beares an equall eye?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die,
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glasse be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes die soone, O faeries sonne!'

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoued with his speach, 424
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes

XLIX

In which amazement when the Miscreant 433
 Perceiued him to waver, weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
 Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid, 442
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law
 Then gan the villen him to overcraw,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw,
 And bad him choose what death he would desire,
 For death was dew to him that had provokt Gods ire.

LI

But, whenas none of them he saw him take, 451
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gave it him in hand his hand did quake
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
 To come and goe with tydings from the hart,
 As it a running messenger had beene.
 At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine 460
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swoone: but, soone reliv'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
 And to him said, 'Tie, fie, faint harted Knight!
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
 Is this the battell which thou vauntst to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII

'Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight, 469
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
 Where justice growes, there grows the greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand writing doth deface.
 Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place'

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight 478
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would faine depart, for all his subtle sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hong him selfe, unhad, unbrest
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
 For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally

CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
 To house of Holmesse,
 Where he is taught repentance, and
 The way to heavenly blisse

I

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might 1
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
 Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
 Or from the fieldes most cowardly doth fly !
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory
 If any strength we have, it is to ill,
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw 10
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
 Which he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
 Therefore, to cherish him with diets daunt,
 She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an aurtient house not farre away, 19
 Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore
 And pure unspotted life so well, they say,
 It governd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore,
 Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes

17

IV

Dame Celia men did her call, as thought 28
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise.
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize,
 But faire Charissa to a lovely sere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt, 37
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes, but, when they knockt,
 The Porter opened unto them streight way.
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Went on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight Humilité. They passe in, stouping low;
 For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin; 461
 But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
 His name was Zele, that him right well became.
 For in his speeches and behaviour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire, 55
 Of myld demeanure and rare courtesie,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre:
 In word and deede that shewd great modestie,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting meetie,
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades, 64
 That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place,
 Who all this while was busy at her beades,
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX

And, her embracing said 'O happie earth, 73
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread !
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
 That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
 From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
 Yett ceaseest not thy weary soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X

'Strange thing it is an errant knight to see 82
 Here in this place, or any other wight,
 That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right
 All keepe the broad hugh way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evil plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way
 O foolish men ! why haste ye to your own decay ?'

XI

'Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest, 91
 O matrone sage,' (quoth she) 'I hither came,
 And thus good knight his way with me addrest,
 Ledd with thy prayses, and broad blazed fame,
 That up to heaven is blowne.' The auncient Dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
 And enterteynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'aies that she could devise,
 Ne wanted ought to show her bounteous or wise.

XVI

Then Una thus 'But she, your sister deare, 136
 The deare Charissa, where is she become?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?'
 'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she may not come,
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
 And hath encrease the world with one sonne more,
 That her to see should be but troublesome.
 'Indeed' (quoth she) that should her trouble sore,
 But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore!

XVII

Then said the aged Cælia, 'Deare dame, 145
 And you good Sir I wote that of youre toyle
 And labors long through which ye hither came,
 Ye both forweari'd be therefore, a while
 I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.'
 Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and la d in easie bedd
 His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully aredd.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest 154
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre Una gan Fideia sayre request
 To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine
 She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
 That she him taught celestially discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit, 163
 That none could reade except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whit,
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach
 That weaker wit of man could never reach,
 Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will,
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach
 For she was able with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX

And, when she list poure out her larger spright, 172
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from heuens hight:
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in tway,
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat
 Almightie God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in little space, 181
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forelore,
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desire to end his wretched dayes.
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet, 190
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
 Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disclaing life, desiring leave to die,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie,

XXIII

And came to Celia to declare her smart, 199
 Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and advisement right;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight.
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same: His name was Patience.

XXIV

Who, coming to that sowe-diseased knight, 208
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grieve,
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heave spright
Well searcht, esuoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med cines, which had passing priefe,
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might,
By which to ease he him recured brieve,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill, 217
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind, remained still,
And festring sore d d rancie yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin
Which to extirpe he had him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady

XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great, 244
 That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
 And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
 His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
 His ruefull shriekes, and groanings, often tore
 Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
 For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
 For well she wist his crime could els be never cleare

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience 253
 And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought ,
 Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearly kist, and saytely eke besought
 Himself to chearish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his carefull brest.
 By this Charissa, late in child bed brought,
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest :
 To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age, 262
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare ;
 Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
 As hell she hated ; chaste in worke and will
 Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ,
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayd still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong, 271
 Playing their sportes, that soyd her to behold ,
 Whom still she fed whyles they were weake and young,
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old .
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorned with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
 Whose passing price unceath was to be told :
 And by her side there sate a gentle payre,
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chayre

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
 That was foreby the way, she did him bring ;
 In which seven Bead men, that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high heavens King,
 Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing.
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were traveling ;
 And one sate wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them, that eldest was and best, 325
 Of all the house had charge and government,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
 His office was to give entertainement
 And lodging unto all that came and went ;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent ;
 But such as want of harbour did constraine :
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place : 334
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drinke ; a worke of grace.
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede :
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede
 He had enough ; what need him care for more ?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custody, 343
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
 But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray ;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was 352
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
 And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre, [bowre.
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly

XLI

The fift had charge sick persons to attend, 361
 And comfort those in point of death which lay,
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw,
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead, 370
 In seemely sort their corsers to engrave,
 And deck with dauntie flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done, 379
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread;
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas;
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowliness,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
 For of their order she was Patronesse,
 Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest, 39
 That to the rest more hable he might bee,
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
 Shee him instructed with great industrie
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That, from the first unto the last degree
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas 406
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
 On top wherof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 No other worldly busines did apply
 His name was heavenly Contemplation;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had; 415
 For God he often saw from heavens bight:
 All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
 As Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne.
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his fraile thughes, nigh weary and fardonne,
 Can fade; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed , 424
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an Oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be red
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ,
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who, when these two approaching he aspide, 433
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ,
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight
 They him saluted standing far afore,
 Who, well them greeting humbly did requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight ?

L

'Whatend, (quoth she) should cause us take such paine,
 But that same end, which every living wight 443
 Should make his marke—high heaven to attaine ?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 With burning starres and everliving fire,
 Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight,
 By wise Fidelia ? See doth thee require
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI

'Thuse happy man,' said then the father grave, 451
 'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save !
 Who better can the way to heaven aread
 Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine ?
 Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
 Present before the majesty divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

LII

'Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne 460
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
 That never leads the traveler astray,
 But after labors long and sad delay,
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitus.'

LIII

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount, 469
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,
 That bloud red billowes, like a walled front,
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty daies upon, where, writ in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full he, 478
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all around,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that olde Lord who of iherusalem was crown'd;
 For ever with a flowring garland crown'd
 Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
 Through famous Poets verse each where renown'd,
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew 487
 A litle path that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly Citie led his view,
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song.
 The Citie of the greates king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see 496
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest heven in gladsome companee,
 And with great joy into that Citie wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his friend
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknownen nation there empeopled were?

LVII

'Faure Knight (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that is, 505
 The new Hierusalem that God has built
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
 His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree of that unspotted lam,
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt
 Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam'

LVIII

'Till now said then the knight, 'I weened well, 514
 That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
 In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
 The farest citty was that might be scene,
 And that bight towre, all built of christall clene,
 Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was,
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene,
 For this great Citty, that does far surpas, [glas'
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of

LIX

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged man, 523
 'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
 The farest peece that ere beholden can,
 And well besemes all knights of noble name,
 That covett in th' immortal booke of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt
 For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may iustly vaunt.

LX

'And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted Elfin sonne, 533
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne,
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field: [yield.
 For bloud can nought but sin, and wars but sorrowes

LXI

'Then seek this path that I to thee presage, 541
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
 For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And Patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victoree'

LXII

'Unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great grace, 550
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'
 'These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
 As wretched men, and lived in like paine.'
 'But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
 And Ladies love to leave, so dearly bought?'
 'What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,'
 (Said he) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?
 As for loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish into nought.'

LXIII

'O! let me not,' (quoth he), 'then turne againe 559
 Backe to the world, whose royes so fruitlesse are;
 But let me here for aie in peace remaine,
 Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.'
 'That may not be,' (said he) 'ne maist thou yit
 Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit
 Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit'

LXIV

'Then shall I soone,' (quoth he) so God me grace,
 Abett that virgins cause disconsolate, 569
 And shortly back returne unto this place,
 To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate
 But now aread, old father, why of late
 Didst thou belught me borne of English blood,
 Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
 'That word shall I' (said he) 'avouchen good,
 Sith to thee is unknowne 'he cradle of thy brood

LXV

'For, well I wote thou springst from ancient race 577
 Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
 And many bloudy battailes fought in face,
 High reard their royall throne in Britains land,
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand
 From thence a Faery thee unweeting rest,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Lilsin brood there for thee left [theft.
 Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faenes

LXVI

'Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond, 586
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
 Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting sond,
 As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
 / Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name,
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame, [became,
 And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best

LXVII

'O holy Sire!' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight 595
 The many favours I with thee have sownd,
 That hast my name and nation redd aright,
 And taught the way that does to heaven bownd!
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
 To have returnd, but dared were his eyne
 Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
 His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne
 So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things divine.

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
 To Una back he cast him to retyre,
 Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
 Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre
 He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.
 So came to Una, who him soyd to see;
 And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
 Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
 So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

604

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
 Two days incessantly
 The third him overthrowes, and gayns
 Most glorious victory

I

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
 To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
 And their forwasted kingdom to repayre.
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
 With hartse wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
 And in her modest maner thus bespake.
 'Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
 That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
 High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take !

1

II

'Now are we come unto my native soyle,
 And to the place where all our periles dwell;
 Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
 Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
 And ever ready for your foeman fell.
 The sparke of noble corage now awake,
 And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
 That shall ye evermore renowned make
 Above all knights on earth, that battell undertake '

10

III

And pointing forth, 'Lo! yonder is,' (said she) 19
 'The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
 For dread of that huge seend emprisond be,
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
 That, (O my Parents) might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!'

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd, 28
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
 And seemd uneth to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof, 37
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde,
 From whence she might behold that battaillies proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde
 She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
 Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame
 Fayre ympe of Phcebus and his aged bryde,
 The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name,

VI

O! gently come into my feeble brest, 46
 Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great Heroes doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII

Faire Goddesses, lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynyn king,
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse.
 But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
 That with his largenesse measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
 As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monstrous, horrible, and wast,
 Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
 Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore,

IX

And over all with brassen scales was armd, 73
 Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
 That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmd
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare
 Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouse, full rudely dight,
 So shaked he, that horror was to heare
 For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display, 82
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way
 And eke the pennes, that did his pinecons bynd,
 Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
 The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
 And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat

XI

His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes, 91
 Does overspred his long bras scaly back,
 Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,
 And thicke entangled knots adown does slack,
 Bepotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but litle lacke,
 And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed 100
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
 Does tremble for his deepe devouring lawes
 Wyde gaped like the griesly mouth of hell
 Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

XIII

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw 109
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
 In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare,
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes, 118
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre
 As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
 Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
 And warning give that enemies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade.
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre,
 But far within, as in a hollow glade, [shade.
 Those glaring lampes were set that made a dreadfull

XV

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas 127
 Forehisting up a loft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyance of his newcome guest.
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
 That made the Rederosse knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

XVI

The knight gan saytely couch his steady speare 136
 And fierseely ran at him with rigorous might
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
 But, glauncing by, sooth passed forward right
 Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush [rush.
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe, 145
 And fresh encounter towardes him addrest,
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight,
 For never felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde, 154
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
 Her fitting parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight. he, cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway, [away
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine, 163
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraene
 To let them downe before his flightes end
 As hagarde hauke, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight, [fight
 Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse, 172
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd,
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore 181
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh, 190
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
 And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of blacke goane blood,
 That drowned all the land whereon he stood,
 The streame thereof would drive a water mill
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noethril.

XXIII

His hideous taylor then hurled he about, 199
 And therewith all enwrapt the numble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
 To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
 From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

XXIV

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand, 208
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand.
 Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make,
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
 But when he saw them come he did them still forsake

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld, 217
 And smot againe with more outrageous might;
 But backe againe the sparching Steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light,
 As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
 The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found

XXVI

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement, 226
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
 Him all amazd, and almost made ascard
 The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
 And through his armour all his body seard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world 235
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
 When Centaures bloud and bloudy verses charmd,
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom syne steele now burnt, that earst him armd,
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

XXVIII

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, 244
 With heat toyle wounds, armes, smart and inward fire,
 That never man such mischiefes did torment
 Death better were death d d he oft desire,
 But death will never come when needes require.
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortun'd (as sayre it then befell) 253
 Behynd his backe unweeting, where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,
 From wh ch fust trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues and for med'cine good
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood
 Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
 The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore, 262
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away
 Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
 It could recure, and aged long decay
 Renew as one were borne that very day
 Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
 And th' Engl sh Bath and eke the German Spau,
 Ne can Cephus, nor Hebrus, match this well
 Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe 271
 His fiere face in billowes of the west,
 And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
 Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,
 When that infernall Monster, having kest
 His wearie foe into that living well,
 Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre, 280
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre;
 And gan to highest God entirely pray
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
 All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dremment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan early to appeare, 289
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face.
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV

At last she saw where he upstarted brave 298
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
 As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly budded pineons to assay,
 And marvelles at himselfe stil as he flies:
 So new this new borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned friend so fresh did spy, 307
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight.
 He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw burning blade,
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made
 The deadly dunt his dulled senses all dismaid.

XXXVI

I wote not whether the revenging steele 316
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
 Or other secret vertue did ensew,
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew,
 For till that stownd could never wight him harne
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore, 325
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine,
 As hundred ramping Lions seemed to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne,
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
 That to his force to yeelden it was faine,
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head, 334
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
 Ne living wight would have him life behot
 The mortall sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shuld, and in his shoulder sead,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be got
 The gnefe thereof him wondrous sore disead,
 Ne might his ranceling paine with patience be appead.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare 343
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From leathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the far infix'd sting:
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heste,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clesste;
 Five joints thereof he bend, and but the stump him leste.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries, 352
 With fowle ensouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
 That all was covered with darknesse dize:
 Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all,
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold, 361
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yett how his talants to unfold,
 Not harder was from Cerberus greedy law
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away.
 Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile, 370
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fierly did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
 As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:
 Therewith at last he forst him to uncy
 One of his grasping fette, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
 Whenas no strength nor stroke mote him constraine 379
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smott theeat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine
 Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine,
 The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For grieve thereof and diuelish despight, 388
 From his infernall sournace forth he threw
 Huge flames that dimmed all the heuens light,
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke, [choke
 That al the land with stench and heven with horror

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestulence, 397
 So sore him noyd that forst him to retire
 A litle backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrails did expire.
 It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoiled backward in the mire
 His nigh foreweried feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside, 406
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red
 As they in pure vermillion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over-all were red,
 For happy life to all which thereon fed,
 And life eke everlasting did befall
 Great God it planted in that blessed s'ed
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be found, 415
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsóones did know
 Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well, 421
 A trickling streame of Balme, most souveraine
 And dauntie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with tunely taine.
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
 Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast 433
 Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
 And al that life preserved did detest,
 Yet he it oft adventurd to invade.
 By this the drouping day light gan to fade,
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantie gan to shade
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall 441
 Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
 And faint through losse of blood, meow'd not at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall, 487
 So huge and horrible a masse it seemd ;
 And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemed ,
 But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
 She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end -
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
 That had atchevde to great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

*Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
 Betrouthed is with my :*
Though false Doona, li to barre,
Het false sleighes doe employ

I

BEHOLD ! I see the haven nigh at hand 1
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
 Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
 The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend ,
 There this fayre vugin wearie of her way
 Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end ,
 There *eke* my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till merry wynd and weather call her thence away

II

Scarcely had Phoebus in the glooming East 2
 Yett harnesssed his fire footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall ;
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall

VII

And them before the fry of children yong 55
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song
 In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stood
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
 Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood—
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

VIII

So she beheld those maydens merriment 64
 With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lusting to heaven her everlasting fame
 Then on her head they set a girland Greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game :
 Who, in her self resemblance well besene,
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

IX

And after all the raskall many ran, 73
 Heaped together in rude rabblement,
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment;
 But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Strect on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once assay

X

Some feard, and fled; some feard, and well it saynd; 82
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seede :
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparkling fyre, and had thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XV

Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde 137
 Their servent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan sit occasion finde,
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
 Which in his travell him befall'en had,
 For to demanda of his renowned guest.
 Who then with utterance grave, and count'nance sad,
 From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard, 136
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate
 That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
 For never gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:
 And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheeks.

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise, 145
 'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note whether praise or pittie more,
 For never living man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest.
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
 And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
 Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.'

XVIII

'Ah dearest Lord!' said then that doughty knight, 154
 'Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
 For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
 I bownden am streight after this emprize,
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.'

XIX

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,' 163
 Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity,
 As I against the same can justly preace
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
 I come as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 I then shall huther backe retourne agayne,
 To the marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

XX

'Which, for my part, I covet to performe 172
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battaile overcame,
 Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee
 Therefore, since now to thee pertaines the same
 I dew desert of noble chevalree,
 With daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield to thee.'

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre, 181
 The fairest Un, his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter and his only heyre,
 So forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long wished light
 Faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May, 190
 As she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
 And widow like sad wimple throwne away,
 Therewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 As on her wearie journey she did ride;
 And on her now a garment she did weare,
 As lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
 That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
 For neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame, 199
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
 To tell were as to strive against the streame :
 My rugged rimes are all too rude and base
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder, for her own deare loved knight,
 All were she daily with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestial sight
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV

So fairely dight when she in presence came, 208
 She to her Syre made humble reverence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace unto her excellence.
 Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
 Thus gan to say—But, ere he thus had sayd,
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
 A Messenger with letters, which his message said

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood 217
 At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
 And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood
 But he for nought would stay his passage right,
 Till fast before the king he did alight,
 Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
 And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
 Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
 Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake :

XXVI

* To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre, 226
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
 Of that great Emperour of all the West,
 And bids thee be advized for the best,
 Ere thou thy daughter lock, in holy band
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen guest :
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

‘To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad, 235
 He was affiaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore !
 Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heavens of his bold perjury,
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
 And them conjure t’ avenge this shamefull injury

XXVIII

‘Therefore, since mune he is, or free or bond, 244
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O soverayne Prince ! your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread,
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe,
 For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
 And shall find friends, if need requireth soe
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe,

XXIX

Fidessa

When he these bitter dying wordes hau’ recd, 253
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest
 ‘Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
 Thy life and honour late adventarest,
 Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

XXX

‘What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats, 262
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd ?
 What heavens ? what altars ? what enraged heates,
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd ?
 High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame,
 But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
 With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same.’

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent: 271
 'My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love and loyalty betrayd
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traveld, that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through penils straunge and hard,
 That day should faile me ere I had them all declar'd.

XXXII

'There did I find, or rather I was fownd 280
 Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
 Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
 Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
 That easy was t' invigle weaker sight:
 Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Unwares me wroought unto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill.'

XXXIII

Vna

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd, 289
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him said:
 'O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to shew
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
 She, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse

XXXIV

'And now it seemes, that she suborned hath 298
 This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improvided scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
 Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man alive: wo tries, shall find no lesse.'

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise 343
 Heard sounnd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye .
 Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reſte of his ſences meet,
 And raviſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſpote

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old, 352
 And ſolemne feaſt proclaimed throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told
 Suffice it heare by ſignes to underſtand
 The uſuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thriſe happy man the knight himſelfe did hold,
 Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand ,
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold

XLI

Her ioyous preſence, and ſweet company, 361
 In full content he there did long enioy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
 His deare delights were able to annoy :
 Yet, ſwimming in that ſea of bliſfull ioy,
 He nought forgot how he whilome had ſworne,
 In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
 Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ,
 The which he ſhortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now, ſtrike your ſailes, yee jolly Manners, 370
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
 And light this wearie veſſell of her lode .
 Here ſhe a while may make her ſafe abode,
 Till ſhe repaired have her tackles ſpent,
 And wants ſupphide , And then againe abroad
 On the long voiage whereto ſhe is bent :
 Well may ſhe ſpedde, and fairely finiſh her intent !

NOTES

In both Notes and Glossary references to the text are made thus x 577 means Canto x line 577 Unless otherwise indicated the reference is to Book I II x 76 means Canto x of Book II In the Notes references to the Glossary are indicated thus see novice, or see G

The following abbreviations are used

* = presumptive form	L O E = Late Old English
A N = Anglo-Norman	M Dn = Middle Dutch
app = apparently	Med L = Medieval Latin
cogn w = cognate with	M E = Middle English
connex w = connexion with	mod = modification
cp = compare	Mod Fr = Modern French
fr - from	N E D = Oxford New English Dictionary
Fr = French	O E = Old English (generally West Saxon)
Gmc = Germanic	O Fr = Old French
Go = Gothic	O H G = Old High German
infl - influenced	O N = Old Norse
L - Latin	rel = related
lit = literally	
I L = Low Latin	

1 Lo ' I, the Man, etc in imitation of lines found at the beginning of Virgil's *Aeneid* in some MSS Virgil's lines speak of the poet's turning to an epic theme—he who had earlier played on his slender oaten pipe referring to his earlier *Bucolics* and *Georgics* Spenser similarly turns now from the pastoral poetry of the *Shepherd's Calendar* (see Introd p x) to a greater work.

2 as time her taught : e when the poet was younger his Muse was naturally prompted to such less ambitious songs

4 oaten reeds : e a shepherd's pipe made of oat straw

5 Knights gentle deeds suggested by the opening lines of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (see Introd p xix) gentle see G

8 her learned throng : e lovers of poetry

9 moralize : e provide a moral for

10 chiefs of nyne : e Cho the Muse of History the first of the Nine Muses goddesses who presided over poetry, music dancing and other arts

12 thy weaker Novice. : s Spenser himself. *Weaker* is a Latin use of the comparative with an intensive force—too weak. See *novice*.

14 Tanagull. a British princess, according to Spenser (II. x. 76) she was the daughter of Oberon, and was also called Glorian so that the poet identifies her with Queen Elizabeth (see pp. 2-3)

15 Briton Prince: : s King Arthur

19ampe : s Cupid by some represented as son of Jove (Jupiter), his mother was Venus, the goddess of love, an arrow (a 'cruell dart') from Cupid's bow kindled the fire of love in the victim's heart. See *ampe*.

21 rove, past tense of *rive* (to tear) past participle *ripen*, *rove* is still in use in Norfolk

22 glorious fire. desire of glory

23 Mart- Mars the god of war, husband of Venus

27 after . . allayd : s after his desire for plunder has been satisfied and his rage has been calmed. This construction in which a concrete noun with a past participle takes the place of an abstract verbal noun (after the allaying of), is found both in Latin and in Italian

28 O Goddess, etc. Spenser is addressing Queen Elizabeth

31 Phoebus lamp: : s the sun. Phoebus being a name for Apollo as the god of light

34 type of thine: : s symbol of thee, namely Una

35 argument: : s theme afflicted stile: : s humble pen. See G.

CANTO I

The short verses introductory to each canto indicate the allegorical meaning of the canto. Supply him after entreats

Summary i-vi The Red Cross Knight sets out with Una vi-xiii Caught in a storm they seek shelter in the wood of Error. xiv-xvii The Knight slays Error. xviii-xxv. Leaving the wood they meet Archimago who takes them to his house. xxvi-xlii While they sleep, the magician practises magic and sends a messenger to the house of Morpheus to obtain a false dream. xliii-xlii Archimago changes a spirit into the likeness of Una

1. A gentle Knight, etc.: see p. 4 pricking: : s riding fast, literally "spurring". a common usage in the medieval romances

3 dints: "dents"; see G.

5 yet armes etc: see the reference to the clownlike
younge man pp 34

8 jolly gay courageous

11 remembrance reminder his dying Lord i.e. Christ

13 and dead ador'd i.e. he worshipped Christ though
dead as being alive eternally cp I was dead and
behold I am alive for evermore (Revelation 1:18)

16 faithfull the adjective used as an adverb on analogy
with adverbs like *fast* and *lowd* see Introd p xxviii

17 solemn sad i.e. gravely serious See G

21 lond one of Spenser's dialectal pronunciations

22 winne him worshippe win honour for himself

27 a Dragon see Introd p xxii and p 4 stearne:
fierce

28 a lovely Lad e i.e. Una or Truth see Introd pp xxi xxii
faire graciously

30 the same: i.e. her pure white beauty Supply *she* as
subject

31 that wimpled low i.e. whose folds reached low
down See G

34 heave i.e. with sorrow

35 seemed i.e. it seemed

36 and by her she lad the slow quiet line with its two
breaks is a good instance of Spenser's use of the alexandrine
its sound harmonises with the picture of Una In contrast
we have the balance and emphasis in the alexandrines con-
cluding the three previous stanzas See Introd p xxv

in a line on a string lad led Spenser following
Chaucer uses both *led* and *lad* as past tense of *lead*

38 every vertuous lore i.e. all knowledge that is concerned
with virtue

39 by descent, etc cp vii 379-387 by *all the world*
Spenser lad cates the universality of Truth and probably the
universal Church as distinguished from the Church of Rome

44 forwasted utterly laid waste the intensive prefix
for was commoner in Chaucer's English but survives in
forlorn forspent etc

45 compeld summoned L. *compellere* (not *compellare*)
to force drive together

46 a Dwarfie see p 4 and Introd p xxii

52 his Lemans lap i.e. the earth Jupiter the god of the
sky makes the earth fruitful See *leman*

53 to shrowd: i.e. to take shelter

55 a shady grove i.e. the wood of Error

55 summers pride. i.e. their full foliage

59 did hide supply *they* as subject

60 not perceable with i.e. unable to be penetrated by.

68 can did "", a common earlier usage due to confusion of the auxiliary verb *can* with *gan* (for *began*)

the trees, etc.: the following passage is an imitation and expansion of a similar catalogue of trees in Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*, lines 176-182 itself based on a passage of Ovid's

by high ' Chaucer's English also had *hy* and *high*, *gh* originally represented a voiceless breath consonant like *ch* in Scotch *loch* but in such words as *high* was probably not sounded in Chaucer's dialect and in general had ceased to be pronounced by 1400 Spenser's use of *hy* is to give eye-rhyme too

69 sayings: i.e. used for making sailing ships, Chaucer applies it to the fir

70 vine-propp the ancients trained vines on elms, thus Virgil (*Georgic* II 211) speaks of weaving elms with vines, and Chaucer has "the pilcr (*pillar*) elme" never dry: i.e. because it grows on river banks etc

71 the budder: i.e. used for building Chaucer, too, has "the buider ook"

72 aspen: aspen a kind of poplar funerall. the cypress was the symbol of death amongst the Greeks and Romans and was planted by tombs it is common in Italian cemeteries

73 need 'reward' the reference is to the laurel (i.e. bay) wreath

74 weepeth i.e. exudes resin still- constantly "

75 worn of... Paramours i.e. worn by forsaken lovers, cp the refrain "Sing willow" in Desdemona's song (*Othello*, iv 3)

76 eugh: "yea Chaucer has the sheter (*shooter*) ewe," the reference being to its use for bows

77 sawlow. the broad leaf willow (cp *L. salix*)

78 myrthe... wound the myrrh when cut gives out a sap bitter in taste but sweet in smell

79 warlike because bucklers and war-chariots were made of beech for nothing ill i.e. good for every purpose

80 platane i.e. plane tree, *L. platanus*

81 carver Holme the holly whose wood is su table for carving
Chaucer has holm to (for making) whippes lasshe
The word is now dialectal

87 when weene : e when they think they are nearest

88 that makes own : e so that it makes them fear
they are out of their right minds

92 or in or out : e either inside or outs de the labyrinth

94 lke to about : e likely to lead them round and
out of the mare

95 by tract : e by following the track See tract

99 needlesse : e not wanted then

100 well aware thoroughly on your guard

104 stroke blow

106 shame were shade shameful would it be to turn
back in our tracks because of a hidden danger

114 wandering wood wood of error cp L *errare* to
wander

115 does for do perhaps because God and man means
all the world

116 read beware adv se you to be careful

117 fearefull full of fear timid

124 *halfe like a serpent etc* Spenser's *Error* seems to have
suggested Milton's description of Sin in *Paradise Lost*
II 650-52

126 full of vile disdaine : e arousing contempt by her
vileness

130 of her there bred : e from her were born Spenser
means that error breeds error l e begets l e etc

132 each one shapes: : e each differed in shape from
the others or possibly, each could assume d fferent shapes
implying that a lie unlike truth is not definite and stable

141 to point: : e in every detail from the Fr *à point*

145 the valiant Elfe the Red Cross Knight was only
reputed to be a Faeries sonne actually he was descended
from Saxon Kings (x 577)

147 trenchant: sharp lit cutting pr ppl of O Fr
trencher etc The ending here is by confusion with the Northern
dialect ending of the pr ppl in native words cp *glitterand*
iv 144

150 advaunet: advanced the *av* in this and similar
words borrowed from French developed in Anglo-Norman
and is normal in Chaucer's English

151 threatening. in imitation of the use of Latin *minari*

159 frame: i.e. tail, in line 162 it means "snare." Spenser, following Chaucer, uses words of identical form for rhyme when their meaning differs. See G.

161 his sore constraint: i.e. how cruelly he was caught

164 his gall did grate: i.e. he was roused to anger. In ancient and medieval medicine the gall bladder was held to be the seat of anger, cp *choler* from O Fr *colere* from Grk *khólos* (bile). See G.

172 therewith she spewed, etc., an instance of Spenser's mastery of the horrible in description: the "poet's poet" is not only a vivid painter of beauty. See *Introd.*, p. xxiv. Error's "vomit of bookes and papers" signifies the scurrilous pamphlets written by Roman Catholics against Queen Elizabeth.

175 vildly: "vilely." the intrusive *d* is common in the 1623 folio of Shakespeare.

181. as when, etc.: a typical example of Spenser's frequent use of extended simile, which adds to the pictorial quality of his narrative. His similes are drawn in the main from classical mythology and story and from nature. Some are suggested by his reading: e.g. lines 199-207 by Homer. Nilus: i.e. the river Nile personified.

182 timely: i.e. in due season

183 fatter: i.e. thick with mud

185 his later sprung: i.e. the flooding in its later stages

201 vewent: the earlier infinitive *-en* is added to the French derived word for the sake of the metre

226 detestable. pronounced in the French way *detestable*

227 unkindly: unnatural", cp Genesis: 25. And God made "the cattle after their kind" i.e. according to their nature

232 her life the which: i.e. the life of her who. With the *which* cp Fr *lequel*. Which was then used of persons cp "Our Father which art in Heaven."

233 needeth him: i.e. it is necessary for him

234 should: i.e. would have had to. *Should* and *shall* originally had the sense of obligation

235 chaunced: 'had happened

237 borne. . . statue in reference to the belief that a man's destiny was determined by the position of the stars at his birth

239 that Armory: i.e. the armour of a Christian man," etc. See p. 4

243 like succeed it may : *e* similar adventures may follow at

250 to frend : *e* as a friend

254 an aged Sire the enchanter Arch mago or Hypocrisy
he also stands for the Papacy and Philip II of Spain See
Introd pp xxi xxii and sire

257 sober serious grave

259 in shew in appearance

267 silly harmless In O E the word (O E *sālig*)
meant prosperous blessed the sense development was
broadly blessed good innocent simple silly cp Mod
German *selig* happy

268 bidding his beades saying his prayers Modern
bead is from O E (*ge*)*bed* a prayer from the fact that a
prayer (an *Ave* or a *Pater*) is represented by each little ball on
the rosary

270 sits not: *e* it is not fitting for (*with*)

287 the Sunne etc the allusion is to Phoebus driving his
chariot across the heavens

294 wisely to advise : *e* to deliberate with care

301 a litle wyde : *e* a little way off

303 dewly wont : *e* was accustomed as he ought See
wont

313 file literally to make smooth the phrase means
talk with polished ease Chaucer's Pardoner could wel
affyle his tonge to winne silver

315 Ave Mary a prayer beginning Ave Maria (Hail
Mary)

318 Morpheus the god of sleep and dreams

319 slombring : *e* which causes slumber

321 deadly: deathlike

327 like : *e* alike equally

328 Plutoes griesly Dame Proserpina wife of Pluto King
of the under world and brother of Jupiter griesly:
horrible, see G

332 Gorgon the medieval Demogorgon a mysterious and
evil deity of the lower world not to be confused with the
classical Gorgon Medusa Cp v 194

333 at which : *e* at whose name Cocytus: the river of
wailing (as the Greek name signifies) in Hades Styx: another
of the four rivers of Hades it surrounded Hades

342 stonde: *e* he kept

348 Tethys: the wife of Oceanus, here used for the sea

349 Cynthus. i.e. the moon, it is one of the names of Diana, goddess of chastity, hunting and the moon, and derives from her birth place Mount Cynthus in the island of Delos

352 whose double gates, etc. a passage suggested by one in Virgil's *Aeneid*, vi 694 also describing the palace of sleep

361 and more to lulle, etc.: one of Spenser's finest descriptive passages in which the sound of the words echoes the sense and helps to create the atmosphere of the scene. Unobtrusive alliteration contributes to the effect. The concluding line (' wrapt in) dies quietly away

368 carelesse: care free untroubled

376 dryer. i.e. too dry, cp. note to *Invoc.* line 11. A "dry brain" was thought to be dull cp. *As You Like It* II. vii 38, where Jaques says of the Fool that his brain "is as dry as the remainder biskuit after a voyage."

381 Hecate: a goddess of the Lower World who presided over ghosts, demons and witches and was mistress of spells and magic (pronounce H8' c3 t8)

384 Archimago lit. chief wizard arch. mage "

387 sent. i.e. mind, senses cp. sentiment and L. *sensire* to feel

389 diverse. i.e. able to divert or confuse the mind

400 lively: "lifelike" fr. O.E. *līflic* *līfelike* is a later formation

403 Una i.e. the Red Cross Knight's companion she takes her name from Latin *una* (one) because Truth which she represents, is undividable and universal

409 abuse his fantasy. i.e. deceive his mind. *Fantasy* and *fancy* are doublets

410 in sort . . . privily i.e. in such ways as he secretly instructed him

411 borne . . . her dew i.e. not created in the way of nature

414 hew: "appearance" See G. In stanzas xlvii-lv (here omitted) the Knight is tempted by the spirit which Archimago has created in the form of Una. He is shocked, and repulses her

CANTO II

Summary i vi The Red Cross Knight shocked by a false vision of Una making love to a strange knight departs with the dwarf at dawn vii xi Una departs alone and Archimago disguises himself as the Red Cross Knight xii xv The knight meets Sansloy with Duessa and slays him xxi xxvii Duessa tells her story as Fidesse xxviii xxx She and the knight take shelter under two trees into which Gradubio and Frelissa have been transformed xxxi xli Gradubio tells the story of his treatment by Duessa who pretends to faint and is comforted by the knight

1 the Northerne wagoner : e the driver of Charles's Wain (waggon) another name for the seven stars (seven fold tenné) known as the Great Bear or the Plough and containing the two pointers to the Pole star (the stedfast starre) which never sets in Northern latitudes

5 to al that : erre the stationary Pole star serves as a compass to sailors

6 Chaunticlere : e cock the name which means 'clear voiced' derives from the French poem *Roman de Renard* (Tale of Reynard the Fox) and was borrowed by Chaucer in the *Nun's Priest's Tale* of the cock and the fox

7 carret : e chariot see note to i 287

15 deluded so : e thus made of no avail

16 Proserpines Proserpina daughter of Ceres was carried off by Pluto while gathering flowers in Sicily and became queen of the Lower World see i 328 and note

55 now when, etc in the omitted stanzas (ii vi) Archimago gives the other spirit the appearance of a knight and rouses the Red Cross Knight to show him this seeming knight and the seeming Una (i 413-4) making love The Red Cross knight in shocked disgust leaves at dawn with the dwarf

rosy fingered a Homeric adjective applied to the goddess of dawn

56 Tithones bed Tithonus was son of Laomedon King of Troy Aurora fell in love with him and carried him off she granted him immortality but not youth and so he grew aged Saffron (yellow) refers to the colour of the clouds at dawn

58 Titan the sun discovered 'revealed'

59 the royall virgin : e Una

61 wait 'watch' See G

75 forrests a French word here retaining the stress on the second syllable See *Introd.* p xxvi

76 th' end of his drift: i.e. this being what he had aimed at
 83 Proteus a sea god, who if seized could assume any form he pleased

91 person: i.e. appearance The phrase is from Latin *personam induere* to put on a mask, i.e. impersonate

99 Saint George: i.e. the pattern of Knighthood St George was an early Christian martyr but probably because his shrine at Lydda in Palestine was near the supposed scene of the rescue of Andromeda from a sea monster by Perseus, the legend of his killing a dragon was early associated with his name He became the patron saint of England in the time of Edward III

101 the true Saint George: see 2 546-49 The Red Cross Knight thus stands allegorically for England as well as for Holiness

103 Will: i.e. his own will which without Truth (Una) to guide him, led him astray

105 a faithlesse Sarazin: Sans loy ('without faith,' i.e. pagan) The Moslem Turk (Saracen) in company with Duessa or Falsehood signifies the political links between the Papacy and Rome Until defeated at Lepanto in 1571 the Turkish Empire was an ever growing menace to Europe The three brothers Sans loy Sans joy, and Sans loy ('lawless') represent three aspects of that Empire as seen by Spenser's contemporaries

110 Lady . . . red: i.e. Duessa as the Church of Rome, then described by its Protestant enemies as 'the Scarlet Woman,' following an interpretation of Revelation xvii Cp verse 4 "and the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet"

112 a Persian mitre: the Papal mitre is meant

117 bosses brave: i.e. splendid embossed ornaments

118 faire disport: i.e. pleasant entertainment courting dalliance: i.e. lover's play

129 towards: the chief stress is on *to*

133 rudely rigorous: i.e. fiercely violent

135 rebut: "recoil" land ground

141 hanging: i.e. doubtful a Latin usage

144 the broken . . . cruelty, presumably the spears broken in the first onslaught

148 each others . . . perce: i.e. each is angered by his foe's equal strength, and with cruel eyes ('spies') tries to find a weak place in his armour *Envy* is stressed on *vies*

150 repining: i.e. fretting with anger

155 keeps . . . fit: i.e. protects it against death.

158 assured sitt head : e Sit firm and protect your head —because he is about to attack fiercely

160 with rigor smitt : e he smote with much more than ordinary violence See outrage

162 from blame blest: : e fortunately spared him injury Bless in the sense protect is seen from the practice of a man's crossing (blessing) himself to invoke God's protection

164 native vertue : e strength inherent in his nature

169 grudging ghost : e spirit groaning as it struggled free of the body See G

174 funerall : e death

183 silly innocent see note to 1 : e

184 her humbleesse shows : e her deep humility clad as she was in such rich garments and in appearance at least radiant beauty

193 list to lower: : e it pleased the heavens to frown

195 that: : e that which an earlier usage found in Chaucer

196 daughter of an Emperour: : e implying that the Papacy (Duesse) succeeded to the Roman Empire

208 spoid of lively breath: : e robbed (despoiled) of the breath of life

227 Fidesse : e Faith her assumed name

230 passion: : e grief emotion See note on line 137

234 shew: : e make known tell of

240 shamefast: modest literally fast in modesty (cp steadfast) shamefaced is a corrupt form

243 dainty maketh derth the proverb really means extravagance leads to poverty but Spenser keeping the original sense of dearness (derth) : e a state of being dear or much liked means that a woman's coyness arouses love for her

250 fearefull: see note on 1 : 117 aghast: terrified

255 now that: understand he had

262 faire seemely . . . makes: : e each pays white and courteous attentions to the other

263 goodly purposes: : e pleasant conversation

264 falsed fancy: : e deceived mind

269 out of whose, etc : this episode of the man turned into a tree is drawn from Aristotle a similar one occurs in Virgil's *Georgics*

273 synd: back. embard: imprisoned

277 bought . . . too deare: i.e. gained at too high a price namely death

278 hove "rise" M.E. *have(n)* to hover here prob confused with *heave* pret. *hote*

281 manhood well awake: i.e. he was himself again his courage regained

284 Limbo lake in medieval theology Limbo (L. *limbus* border) was on the borders of Hell and inhabited by unbaptized infants and the righteous who died before Christ's coming. Spenser however means Hell itself. Nor was it a lake, that idea may be suggested by Styx (see note to l. 133)

287 rare faint thin voiced a sense of L. *rarus*

291 Fradubio i.e. Brother Doubtful divided in mind between his true love and Duessa he is a type of the waverer between Protestantism and Rome. *Fra* is Italian (L. *frater*) L. *dubius* doubtful

295 Boreas: the north wind, alliteration echoes the sense

301 med'cine i.e. a remedy, relief

302 double griefs . . . suppress i.e. pain is doubled if it is concealed, just as a fire blazes up if anyone smothers it

303 who "if anyone" *qui* is commonly so used in O Fr

306 errant knights i.e. knights errant knights roaming in search of chivalrous adventure from Latin *errans* wandering

315 like a . . . hyde i.e. she was like a fair lady but this likeness concealed foul Duessa

316 take in hand i.e. uphold or maintain (Fr. *main* hand + *tenir*, to hold). The Knight is bound by his knightly vow to maintain his lady's pre-eminence

322 dye, i.e. hazard, the sense comes from a throw of dice (pl. of *die*) See G.

323 prise martiall i.e. prize of war

325 unlike faire: i.e. differing in their beauty

328 whethers "which of the two"

330 won: "vanquished" excelled

331 the discord . . . agreede i.e. it was so hard to settle the dispute

332 Fraxinea: the line suggests that *Frae* stands for *fair*

336 what not . . . guile i.e. what she could not get by fair means, she planned to gain by cunning

339 on her face: i.e. on Fraxinea's face.

342 when none place :e when no true beauty remained there (in *that* place)

351 treen mould :e the shape of a tree *Treen* is an adj cp wooden

355 that day crime :e the day on which witches must cleanse themselves occurs each Spring (the prime of the year Fr *printemps* Italian *primavera*)

358 origane the herb marjoram once used to cure skin diseases

370 Stanza xli describes his horror at Doessa's body

371 drown'd :e I being drowned

382 a living well: signifying allegorically a spiritual rebirth cp the well of life xi 261

385 wonted well: :e usual weal or well being

386 suffis'd fates :e the fulfilment of our destiny
suffis'd satisfied

397 her seeming feare :e the Knight found her apparently dead with pretended fear

398 that that which what

400 carelesse unconscious

404 all passed feare :e all fear being gone an absolute construction

CANTO III

Summary iix Una seeking her Knight meets a lion which accompanies her as a guard xxx Meeting a girl Abessa Una follows her to Corceca's hut and sleeps there Kirkrapine knocks and is slain by the lion xx xxxii Una departs Corceca tells Archimago of Una and when Archimago meets her she takes him to be the Red Cross Knight xxxiii xxxix Sansloy appears and attacks Archimago who is exposed and left in a trance xli xliiv The lion is killed defending Una whom Sansloy pursues

2 compassion ion makes two syllables as often in Shakespeare

5 lately blynd :e the beauty of the Queen had dazzled Spenser on his recent visit to court see Introd p x

10 it is empassioned :e his heart is moved see note on ii 230

14 touch: :e a touchstone which distinguishes between true and false metal

18 her dew loves i.e. the love due to her deny'd. i.e. draw away

32 fillet a ribbon for the hair undight: "undied,"

38 a ramping Lyon. the raging lion probably represents Henry VIII whose abolition of the monasteries (see lines 108-11) was considered a blow to superstition

44 awaged grew calm see G with remorse i.e. because so legend and story said a lion will not harm a virgin or one of royal blood

64 redounding swelling up one after another"; a Latinism (L. *wada* a wave)

66 constant distress "

72 attain: succeed

81 conceived her intent undertook her purpose with "

93 rude: i.e. rustic ignorant cp line 110 where *rude* means rough fierce "

99 her cast . . . hew: i.e. gave her a deathly appearance

101 upon the wager lay i.e. was at stake

110 wicket i.e. small door

112 faint astonishment i.e. amazement which made her weak

114 that old woman (Corteca in blind heart (L. *ceceus* and *cor*) represents superstitious priest slow to admit Truth

116 Pater noster: i.e. Our Father (the Lord's prayer) the implied condemnation of her greater devotion to the Virgin Mary shows Spenser's Protestantism

121 and thrise but i.e. she fasted three days a week at three meals each day

135 all night . long i.e. she thinks the night is too long This quiet line with its long vowels its balance, and alliteration aptly closes a stanza whose whole sound, aided by alliteration echoes the sense of drowsiness and sorrow

136 Aldebaran a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Taurus

137 Canopeus' chaire a constellation not far from the Pole star These stars, rather than others, are named for the dignified sound of their names

138 deadly: deathlike

139 one knocked i.e. Kirkrapine (church plunderer) His bringing his plunder to Corteca's hut is an instance of the latter's blind devotion, and signifies the sanctuary given to rogues in the old monasteries

144 purchase acquisition robbery O Fr *pourchasser* to hunt after

147 their due relief: i.e. the relief due to them

157 Abessai: Debased One she stands for the ignorant Roman Catholic laity as seen by Spencer in Ireland. The name is suggested by L. *abiecias* cast away and is no doubt influenced by *abess*

163 bet beat

166 him to advise i.e. to take thought cp Fr *sauver*

181 discovered see note on ii 58

185 that Greece: Ulysses the hero of the *Odyssey* who wandered for ten years after the fall of Troy before regaining his home in Ithaca

186 refused destiny: the enchantress Calypso offered him immortality if he would stay with her but he returned to his wife Penelope

189 weened not: i.e. thought herself to be near it

197 revenging will i.e. desire for revenge

202 dishonesty i.e. unchastity impurity

204 her saying she i.e. *Corcorra curses* i.e.

207 error: wandering the original sense of L. *error*

211 embost clad in see note on xi 174 armest: i.e. armour

234 faire fearfull humblesse: i.e. graceful bashful humility

237 much feared done i.e. I greatly feared I had been utterly despised or had done something which etc

239. that should lights: i.e. which shall settle like death on my own heart. Deare heart is a Homeric expression denoting the person himself

240 your sight: i.e. the glorious sight of you

244 meeting: i.e. replying

250 kindly skill: i.e. natural power See *skil*

255 felon strong i.e. fierce cruel traitor See *felon*

256 deface: i.e. undo defeat L. *de* *fa* i.e. cp *defeat*
O fr *desfait* pp of *desfaire* L. *disfaire*

262 lovely: i.e. loving

264 dispence: repay

271 beaten i.e. weather beaten storm beaten

273 Trithys see note on L 348

276 scorching flames . . . bound: i.e. the heat of summer attributed to Sirius, the dogstar which in July and August is above the horizon all day. Orion, the hunter, and his dog Sirius were fabled to have been turned into constellations.

279 Nereus . . . with cups: i.e. drinks to the health of the sea god. There may be an allusion to Virgil's *vinea coronant*, 'wreath the wine-cups'.

282 ground: i.e. dry land.

288 who told . . . went: i.e. and she told him all that had befallen her on her journey.

293 the sharpe yron: i.e. the bit or mouthpiece of the bridle.

297 Sansloy: see note on ll. 103.

303 untryed dint: i.e. blow not yet experienced.

309 vainly crossed: i.e. bearing the protecting sign of the cross in vain, cp ll. 154.

311 should him beare: i.e. must have pierced him. see note on l. 234.

320 repining strife: i.e. wandering in misery until avenged.

321 Lethe lake: the river Lethe in Hades to drink whose waters caused a soul to forget the past. To make a Moslem speak in terms of classical mythology is a typical Elizabethan usage.

322 mourning altars, etc.: i.e. Sansloy means to erect altars to appease the Furies. But the Romans did not offer human sacrifices and they sacrificed not to the Furies, but to the Manes, or spirits of the dead.

327 what ever . . . place: i.e. whoever you are (who are) here.

329 Mercy . . . withstand: i.e. do not refuse mercy.

330 one the truest, a common Middle English construction to strengthen the superlative. Shakespeare too, uses it.

331 on lowly land: i.e. low on the ground.

340 though untold: i.e. without being told.

342 field: i.e. of battle. round lists: space enclosed (surrounded) for a tournament. See G.

350 which doen away: i.e. when the cloud had passed an absolute construction. Archimago recovered, see Canto VI stanzas xxxiv, xlviii.

353 mockt: i.e. deceived.

365 did weene: 'meant'. the following *to* is omitted.

368 corage heart (L L *cordium* through French)
 so in Chaucer too Other senses arise from the heart's being
 regarded as the seat of the emotions

374 did wisely understand : *e* was expert in

376 thrilling piercing from O E *Syrlian* related to
Sark through brand sword See G

377 launcht lanced pierced with his lance

381 dismayd : *e* destroyed See *dismayd*

382 to save or spill a Chaucerian phrase O E *spilian* to
 kill (mod *spill*)

385 will or nill : *e* willynally whether she wishes it or not
nill is contracted from *ne* (not) and *will*

393 servile beast : *e* her lowly assc 1 29

396 in beastly kind : *e* in its nature as an animal See
kynd

CANTO IV

Summary 1 vi The Red Cross Knight and Duessa come to
 the House of Pride vii xv Entering the presence-chamber
 they see the Queen Lucifera xvi xxxvii Lucifera drives out
 in her coach drawn by beasts bearing the other six Deadly
 Sins with Satan whipping them xxxviii xliii Sansjoy
 arrives he is enraged to see the Red Cross Knight carrying
 Sansjoy's shield reversed they agree to fight in the lists next
 day xlii li Duessa goes to Sansjoy by night and asks for
 his help against the Knight of whose magic she warns him

1 whatever: : *e* whoever thou art

6 rash remove: : *e* (lest) your hasty misjudging of
 your lady make you cease to love her

15 a goodly building : *e* the house of Pride

20 of each place : *e* of every rank and position

25 pace steps Fr *pas*

29 cunningly skilfully the sense derives from O E
cunnan to know how to Cp Scots *canny*

32 dismayd : *e* overcame See G

39 mould : *e* form shape so building

41 still: continually so frequently in Spenser

49 Malvenu : *e* ill-come opposite of *welcome* Spenser
 means that it is a misfortune to be welcomed here

55 on them round : *e* around upon Duessa and the
 Knight

56 Presence i.e. reception room where they enter the
revenue

56 ne Persia self i.e. not even Persia itself To the
ancient Greeks and Romans Persia typified the height of
luxury the source of pride i.e. where proudly extra-
vagant luxury was fostered "a nurse is nurse," Fr. *nourrice*,
cogn. a *nourish pompous* full of pomp and magnificence,
not in modern sense

67 gorgeous three syllables

68 a mayden Queene i.e. Lucifera Pride, the rival of the
Luna Queene No doubt Elizabeth's rival Mary Queen of
 Scots is hinted at

as Titans ray i.e. like sunlight cp. note on n. 38

73 exceeding shone: the repetition from line 72 effectively
leads the description on to its climax

Phœbus layrest childe Phaeton son of Helios (the sun)
Failing in his attempt to drive his father's chariot he nearly
set the earth and the heavens on fire, and Jupiter struck
him down into the river Po with a thunderbolt

76 weaker ' too weak (see note on *Invoc.* 11) or weaker
than his father's

rayne i.e. hold in with the rein

79 the welkin . . . playne. i.e. the sun's usual path through
the heavens In O.E. *welken* meant clouds

80 skyes a weak pl. form of *skies* used for rhyme

81 with fire . . . shine i.e. with the Sun's heat which is
not meant to burn but to give radiant light

84 lowly i.e. that which is lowly lowliness adj. for noun

85 layne p.p. of *to lie*, as *layne* is equivalent to *lay*.

91 the daughter the parentage of Pride is of Spenser's
own devising; see notes on i. 328 n. 16

95 thundering Jove i.e. Jupiter Tonans whose weapons
were lightning and the thunderbolt

97 or if . . . excell. i.e. if there was any ancestry even
higher she claimed that

100 Lucifera the feminine form of L. *Lūcifer* ("light-
bearing"), the morning star Isaiah xiv. 12 speaks of the
fall of Lucifer the morning star and in early Christian
writings the name came to be given to Satan who with his
angels fell because of Pride Spenser means only pride, which
in medieval morality was regarded as the source of all the
vices, and itself the greatest

101 made a *Queene* probably a reference to the claim of Mary Queen of Scots to be rightful Queen of England

106 pollicie : s statecraft Spenser is contrasting the English monarchy's respect for law with the often Machiavelian statecraft and absolute rule of kings like Philip II of Spain

107 six wizards : s the rest of the Seven Deadly Sins of which Pride is the chief

125 ruffles: plented and starched collars such as are seen in Elizabethan portraits

129 did payne exerted

132 the stout Faery : s the valiant Red Cross Knight
the middest crowd : s the middle of the crowd a Lat nism
in media turba

135 no better allowd : s gave no better welcome

141 brode : s abroad far and wide

143 ride : s mount on one another's backs

144 glitter and glittering a printer's error for the then uncommon Northern present participle ending see note on l 147

147 Flora goddess of flowers her prime : s Spring

149 Junoes chaire the chariot of Juno wife of Jupiter

151 bras paved a Homeric epithet

152 peacock: the peacock was sacred to Juno but was not generally said to draw her chariot

153 Argus a mythological being with a hundred eyes when he died Juno put his eyes on the peacock's tail

156 taught to applyde : s each animal was taught to obey its bestial rider's commands and the commands were in each case similar in nature to the animal—an awkward way of saying that each rider was by nature like the animal he rode on

169 may seeme: supply it cp modern maybe

174 chalenged essayne: : s claimed exemption *Essoyne* is a legal term fr OFr from LL *exonus* cp *exonerate* and L *onus* burden

178 lustlesse : s without pleasure the original sense of lust and so feeble a dialect variant of mod *lustless* guise way of living See G

185 fyne thin

205 dry: : s causing thirst as dropsy does

235 and greedy Avarice, etc : stanzas xxiv-xxvi describe Lechery (u t) riding on a bearded goat and clad in a green gown to hide his filthiness

240 a Camell: it is thought the camel was suggested by a passage in Herodotus describing Indian robbers carrying off gold on camels

237 told counted : for the early sense of tell as count cp to tell the time a teller (vote-counter) in the House of Commons

242 accused usury the Early Christian Fathers condemned usury as a crime their opinion being based on Genesis, iii 19. in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread Calvin was the first theologian who declared the taking of interest on money permissible The popular Elizabethan attitude to usurers is to be seen in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*

248 compare : e obtain L *comparare* (*parare* to prepare), a different word from modern *compare* (based on *par* equal)

252 unto himselfe unknowne: i e though he did not realise the fact

254 lust. i e. desire did lacke . store: i e was unsatisfied even when he possessed abundance

255 whose need, etc.: i e whose needs were limited but whose covetousness (greed) was not

260 goe i e walk a common use in Middle English

269 that he who' an archaic survival of a form of the relative pronoun common in Chaucer

275 impleyes: unfolds' the original Latin sense (*implēdre*)

281 that any . . use i e who did any such deeds

283 for want of faith: i e on the ground that such alms giving shows lack of faith in God's help to the poor

294 sterne: i e fiercely

295 as ashes, etc: i e his face was ashen pale death like

298 ruffin: i e like that of a ruffian

300 unadvised i e thoughtless woven wood i e grown mad See G

302 ne car'd for . . vengeance i e nor in taking vengeance did he care whether or not he shed blood

306 ensue follow upon i e result from a Latinism

309 unthrifty scath i e wasteful destruction

313 swelling Splene: the spleen (a gland) was thought to swell when a man was angry

- 314 Saint Fraunces fire *i.e.* St Anthony's fire erysipelas
a skin disease
- 340 hardy hed *i.e.* hardihood courage See drowsyhed
- 347 envious gage *i.e.* envy rousing token of victory
- 349 which ought wage *i.e.* who possessed that reward
(his pledge) of fighting
Wage and *gage* are doublets from Norman and Central French respectively fr L.L. *wad um* See *wager* *Ought* is past tense of *owe* used also by Shakespeare in the sense *to possess*
- 352 hurtlen greedily *i.e.* rush with fierce desire to fight
- 355 sturre *i.e.* furious onslaught trainee retinue
- 369 renverst *i.e.* reversed upside down a mark of disgrace
- 372 of by
- 376 so be *i.e.* if (it so be that) equall *i.e.* impartial
- 384 bowre and hall a stock phrase used in the mediæval romances and the ballads the hall was where all feasted and were entertained the bowers were inner chambers
- 394 arrested *i.e.* put to sleep with his leaden wand
- 398 annoy *i.e.* do harm to See noyd
- 405 thy secret faith *i.e.* your trustworthy honour which will keep my secret
- 410 launcht pierced lovely *i.e.* of love
- 411 toyed howre enjoyed an hour
- 423 that what cp ii 195 and note
- 432 wandring Stygian shores *i.e.* the banks of the Styx where the spirits of those violently slain are condemned to wander till their allotted span of life is up See note on i 333 and cp v 87
- 437 helpelesse hap *i.e.* fortune that cannot be altered
- 438 his vitall *i.e.* of his life
- 440 dewties last *i.e.* the last duty imposed upon him by the slain man—revenge and sacrifice cp in 322 3
- 450 reherce *i.e.* relate
- 455 Sansloyes dead dowry *i.e.* the dowry of dead Sansloy

CANTO V

Summary: i-xvi The Red Cross Knight and Sansjoy fight in the lists Sansjoy is hidden in a cloud Duessa weeps by the bed of the wounded Red Cross Knight xviii-xxvii. Duessa visits Night and implores her help xxviii-xxxi. Night and Duessa go to Sansjoy bind his wounds, and take him to Priests house xli-xlii Night prevails on Aesculapius to heal Sansjoy xlii-liv Duessa on her return to the House of Pride finds the Red Cross Knight gone the dwarf had killed him of the many victims in Prides dungeon equal field i.e. fair fight

4 eternal brood: i.e. its issue namely glory, which is everlasting

12 brydegromer: the smit is from Psalms xix 5

17 battailous: i.e. ready for battle

20 waite watch for see G.

22 maken melody. cp Chaucer's *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, and *smale fowles maken melodye* "Maken is a M.E. Midland dialect form for pres indic pl

25 timely. i.e. in time with the harp cunningly: see iv 29 and note

29 woven made: i.e. chain armour made of small steel rings interlinked. Fr *maille* f. *maille* a hole, or mesh of a net

32 Araby: Arabia despite Spenser was not noted for its wines

34 privily. secretly: i.e. within them

39 paled: i.e. fenced Fr *pal* L *pālis* a stake cp *palings*

44 hew: i.e. appearance.

45 both those, etc. i.e. both Duessa and the shield were laurels' or prizes for the victor

49 blessed: i.e. brandish, the sense derives probably from moving the arms in blessing: i.e. making the sign of the Cross

50 heavinesses: i.e. sorrow

51 each other i.e. each the other

58 youthful heat. "the ardour of youth"

61 both stricken, etc.: the alliteration in these three lines gives an emphatic echo to the sense

65 as when a Gryfon, etc. i.e. as when a griffin having fastened on its prey meets in its flight a fierce dragon, which is flying idly through the sky and would seize the griffin's

prey and then they strike each other etc. A griffin is a fabulous monster with the head of a vulture and the body of a lion

70 *souce* : *e* to strike heavily on the swoop a term in falconry

71 *soothsayer* : *e* soothsayer who bases his prophecies on omens *sooth* means truth

72 *vulgar* : *e* crowd cp *L. vulgus*

88 *hyre* wages : *e* reward

89 *sluggish german* Sansjoy is calling himself a slothful brother *German* signifies a blood relation *L. germanus* of the same parents cp *germane*

102 *quickning* : *e* life giving To *quicken* is to make quick or living cp *the quick and the dead*

114 a crowd this device of vanishing is found in Homer and Virgil

120 to her love : *e* as her lover

122 *despights* : *e* anger See G

127 not so satisfy : *e* not entirely satisfied by this

137 his service scene : *e* now seen by her at its true worth

140 *advancing* praising extolling gay
gallant

146 *leaches him abode* : *e* physicians attend him see note on x 205

149 *softly can embalm* : *e* did gently apply healing ointments to them

151 *divide* a technical term in music meaning to adorn a simple tune

155 *Nide* cp i 181

159 *tender teares* Shakespeare also uses the fable a favourite with the Elizabethans of the crocodile's tears

164 *that for us!* that to avoid repetition shyning
lamps houses : *e* the stars in heaven

172 *deadly sad* : *e* dark as death (deathly dark)

180 *as if wood* : *mad* see G

184 *unacquainted* : *e* to which she was unused

191 *Grandmother*: Night daughter of Chaos was in Greek mythology one of the earliest beings created and gave birth to Day Light Falsehood (see line 241) and many others Her being the daughter of Demogorgon and mother of Jove is Spenser's own invention

194 *Demogorgon's hall* see note on i 332

195 the world unmade. i.e. chaos out of whose warring elements creation arose

196 Nephewes descendants: cp L *nepōs*, whence Spanish *nieto*, grandson but Fr never has the ordinary meaning of its English derivative *nephew*

201 fowles i.e. birds of prey such as vultures

202 growning beere. i.e. beer surrounded by mourners; *beer* (O.E. *bær*) is related to *to bear*

205 Aveugles sonnes i.e. Sansjoy Sansfoiy and Sansloy Aveugle (a French word) means 'blind' so evil beeres: i.e. are spoken of so ill treated so badly

212 deface i.e. defeat see note on m. 257

219 their foes ensw. i.e. their enemies attain

225 excheat: i.e. gain profit *Escheat* is properly a term in feudal law denoting the forfeiture of a tenant's land to his lord in case of treason or failure of heirs: it derives through O. Fr *eschet* from L *ex* and *cadere* 'to fall'

229 price that i.e. pay for the blood which

238 closely: "secretly"

245 fowle wellfavoured i.e. foul within but fair without

251 forming tarres: i.e. with froth as black as tar

252 fine element i.e. thin air

267 the ghastly owle both the Romans and the English regarded the owl as a bird of ill omen. Chaucer called it "prophete of we and of myschaunce". Spenser may have been thinking of the owl that hooted before Dido's death (Virgil *Aeneid* IV 462).

ghastly. i.e. fear-inspiring cp O.E. *gæstas* 'to terrify'

273. Avernus hole: Avernus, regarded by the Romans as the entrance to Hades, was a lake in Campania, situated in the crater of a volcano. Spenser thinks only of the hole in which it lay, and its sulphureous vapours. Virgil in whose *Aeneid* Aeneas goes to Hades through Avernus, uses *spēlunca* 'a cavern', in reference to it.

278 Furies: the Furies (Eumenides) were seated round Plato's throne as ministers of his vengeance, the chains of Spenser are not in classical legend.

279 ill men: i.e. evil men

280 by that same way, etc.: the following description of Hades owes much to the *Aeneid* Book VI

289 Acheron: the river of lamentation in Hades

291 Phlegeton: the river of fire in Hades

295 the house of . . . paine: i.e. Tartarus

298 Cerberus the three headed dog guarding the entrance to Hades

303 felly gnarre snarl fiercely

307 Ixion he was bound to an ever turning wheel as a punishment for attempting to seduce Hera (Juno) wife of Zeus (Jove)

309 Sisyphus he was condemned to roll a stone up a hill when it approached the top it rolled right down again

311 Tantalus for an unknown crime he was condemned not to hang by the chin but to stand chin-deep in water which sank whenever he tried to drink hence tantalising

312 Tityus a giant who attacked Artemis (Diana) and was therefore chained down in Hades where he covered nine acres of ground whilst vultures eternally devoured his liver

313 Typhoeus another giant who was buried under Mount Etna but not as here stretched on a gallop track (engine) See gin

314 Theseus the famous King of Athens who was condemned to sit motionless for ever for attempting to carry off Proserpina Queen of Hades

315 fifty sisters the Danaides condemned to try to fill vessels which were full of holes for the murder of their husbands on their wedding-day

322 Aesculapius god of medicine He was killed by Jove's thunderbolt for saving life contrary to the decrees of fate In classical story he neither lay in chains nor did he cure the wounds of Hippolytus son of Theseus Stanzas xxxvii xxxix tell how Hippolytus fleeing from his father's anger as a result of his stepmother's treachery was thrown out of his chariot by his startled horses

352 such wondrous revive i.e. when Jove reflected that there existed (reigned) in a man a mind such wonderful knowledge as could bring the dead to life Aesculapius was honoured as a god only after his death

354 fates expired i.e. lives which fate had ended

364 softly of arms: i.e. gently taken off his armour

365 tho' gan harness i.e. then Night began to make his injuries known to Aesculapius

368 fordonne i.e. undone destroyed see G

376 redoubled to eke i.e. thou bidst me add to my crime (so that it may be) doubled and receive fresh punishment.

386 els elsewhere i.e. on other occasions

387 never to be donne i.e. everlasting (done with)

- 415 king of Babylon: i.e. Nebuchadnezzar whose story is told in the Book of Daniel
- 419 transformed in the Bible he only 'did eat grass as an ox
- 420 Croesus king of Lydia (560-546 B.C.) famous for his prodigious wealth (p. 12) as rich as Croesus
- 422 Antiochus: i.e. Antiochus Epiphanes King of Syria (d. 104 B.C.) who figures in the apocryphal first Book of the Maccabees. He twice captured Jerusalem and profaned the Temple
- 424 Nimrod, the mighty Hunter mentioned in Genesis x. 8
- 426 Nimus the mythical founder of Nineveh
- 428 that... Monarch: i.e. Alexander the Great (d. 323 B.C.) His father ('native Syre') was Philip of Macedon, but after his conquest of Egypt he gave out that his birth had been of a miraculous nature and that his real father was the Libyan god Jupiter Ammon
- 432 a shameful death. Alexander died of a fever due to excessive drinking, but his military success was still at its height
- 437 Romulus: mythical founder of Rome grandfater: i.e. ancestor
- 438 Tarquins: the last King of Rome whose tyranny led to the foundation of the republic. Lentulus: there was a proud patrician family of this name perhaps Publius Cornelius Lentulus is meant who took part in Catiline's conspiracy and was executed by Cicero's orders in 63 B.C.
- 439 Scipio: Scipio Africanus (d. 183 B.C.) conqueror of Carthage in the second Punic war. Hannibal: the great Carthaginian general who nearly took Rome but whom Scipio finally defeated near Carthage in 202 B.C. He was noted for unrelaxing perseverance rather than pride
- 440 Sulla: the rivalry of Sulla and Marius resulted in the First Civil War of Roman history (83-82 B.C.)
- 441 Caesar: Julius Caesar assassinated 44 B.C. Pompey: Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus Caesar's rival until defeated at Pharsalia in 48 B.C. he was murdered in Egypt soon after. Antonius: the famous Mark Antony of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* for a while he shared the Roman Empire with Octavianus (later the Emperor Augustus), and died in Egypt in 30 B.C.
- 443 their yoke: i.e. the submission owed by women to men.
- 444 Semiramis: the warlike queen of Nineveh, who murdered her husband and was slain by her son

445 Sthenoboea Sthenoboea queen of Argos killed her self with poison not a cord

447 wilfull a transferred epithet the woman was wilful

448 Cleopatra Queen of Egypt after the defeat of her lover Antonius at Actium in 31 B.C. she killed herself by a snake's bite rather than fall into the power of Octavianus see 441 above

460 careful sorrowful anxious

CANTO VI

Summary 1 xix Una fleeing from Sansloy is met by a band of fauns and satyrs Sansloy flees and the gods of the wood welcome her and worship her she stays with them xx xxviii Sir Satyrane to whom she tells her trouble helps her to depart they meet Archunago disguised as a pilgrim who declares the Red Cross Knight to have been slain by Sansloy xxxix xiviii They find Sansloy and he and Sir Satyrane fight Una flees followed by Archunago

3 wrack: wreck bewail the idea of a rock mourning over a ship is so unusual that the text has been questioned The sense bring about derived from ME *wale* to choose (ON *velja*) is very improbable

6 foothappie oversight i.e. lucky escape

12 his deare dreed i.e. the dear one he revered a phrase commonly applied to a sovereign as in *Invoc* line 36

16 wandred had .Ynd: i.e. would have wandered from the East Indies to the West Indies

46 the pittorous maiden, etc stanzas in v describe how Sansloy with beastly sin thought her to have defile careful anxious

52 Implies enfolds, see note on iv 275

61 Faunes and Satyres Fauns were the Latin Satyrs the Greek gods of the woods They were represented as having the head and upper parts of a man and the lower parts of a goat together with a goat's horns

63 Sylvanus a god of the woods

66 rebownded i.e. echoed

68 incontinent i.e. immediately without holding back

75 blabbred i.e. swollen with tears cp to blub

78 uncouth strange unusual

82 double: i.e. increased (doubled)

- 91 assaid: ' made trial of ' and so assailed, see G.
- 96 horror: i.e. roughness it is governed by *lay* and is co-ordinate with *frowns* implied in *frowning foreheades* Cp L *horre* to be rough
- 99 backward bent: i.e. shaped like those of a goat
- 101 single: i.e. being alone barbarous truths: i.e. rough care
- 103 late learned: i.e. having been taught of late cp vulgar use of *learn* as *teach* hasty trust: i.e. in Archimago
- 110 extremite of time: i.e. the pressure of circumstances
- 112 suspect of crime: i.e. fear of slander *crime* is used in the L. sense of *crimen* i.e. reproach accusation
- 113 Prymer Spring cp u. 355 and note
- 120 horned: i.e. made of horn
- 125 aged limbe: classical legend never represented Sylvanus as weak and aged. He carried cypresses only as a symbol.
- 128 or: whether Bacchus, the god of wine fruits: i.e. the grape invent find: as from L. *inventio* p.p., *inventum*
- 129 Cybeles rites: i.e. the wild music and dancing of the priests of Cybele the mother of the gods an oriental deity first worshipped in Phrygia
- 132 mirrour rare so called because Luna's body both contained and was a pattern of perfect beauty
- 133 burnt in his intent, i.e. was warmed (with love) in his heart
- 134 Dryope: presumably the nymph loved by Faunus, referred to in *Aeneid* x. 531
- 144 bow and shaftes Diana was so represented as being goddess of the chase buskins: high boots
- 146 Cyparisse: a youth beloved by Sylvanus who, after his death as described here was changed into a cypress-tree.
- 148 so this, i.e. in comparison with Una
- 152 n'ould: no would i.e. would not joy: i.e. be merry
- 153 selfe wild annoy: i.e. self imposed grief
- 154 Hamadryades nymphs of the woods they were not free to run (as here), but lived within the trees
- 156 Naiades: water nymphs
- 161 woody kind: i.e. woodland race, see kynd.
- 171 her Asse . . . worship: Spenser is indicating the tendency of uneducated people to worship unintelligently the

external forms of truth. He probably has in mind the medieval Festival of the Ass in honour of the ass on which Christ entered Jerusalem.

172 a noble knight Sir Satyrane in whom is portrayed Sir John Perrot (d. 1592) a natural son of Henry VIII and lord-deputy of Ireland. He was noted for his bluff manners.

206 busie payne i.e. active exertion. a Chaucerian phrase.

208 for all, etc. stanzas xxi xxiu tell of the satyr's love for Thyamis and of Satyrane's birth. ympe see G.

218 maister of his guise i.e. teacher of his way of life.

219 horrid vew i.e. rough appearance. Latin sense of *horridus* cp. note on vi. 96.

222 learne teach now a vulgarism cp. 103 above.

226 approved more i.e. more clearly demonstrated.

227 compell i.e. subject to his will.

234 tyrans i.e. excrement in *tyrant*. Fr. *tyran* L. *tyrannus*.

246 revokt literal use of L. *revocare* to call back.

255 of name i.e. well known (for its fierceness).

261 blown i.e. proclaimed (as by a trumpet).

264 native i.e. of his birth cp. nativity.

265 ofspring: i.e. father from whom he sprang.

270 redound flow see note on iii. 64.

273 compare i.e. match with her wisdom or perhaps gather together learn a Latinism.

277 hurtlesse innocent cp. L. *innocentem* lit. not + hurting.

279 discipline i.e. teaching a Latinism. See G.

281 closely i.e. secretly.

288 pensive i.e. full of sad thought and anxiety.

296 carefull paine i.e. anxious effort.

302 did abroad betide i.e. that had happened in the outer world.

307 a silly man i.e. simple harmless. See *seeley* and note on i. 267. It is Archimago in disguise. forworne: i.e. worn out threadbare cp. note on i. 44.

313 a Jacobs staffe i.e. a staff like the patriarch Jacob's or such as St. James (L. *Jacobus*) is portrayed with and as pilgrims to his famous shrine at Compostella in Spain used.

325 thrid pierced' see note on iii. 375.

332 the further griefe: i.e. the details of her misfortune which were still unknown to her

337 arraung'd new: i.e. just ready to join battle

344 wonne fought ' (O.E. *winnan*) win is from O.E. *winnan*

353 huge heavynesse: i.e. great sorrow

357 that Pagan proud i.e. Sansloy who had overthrown Archimago disguised as the Red Cross Knight (Canto III)

358 suppress: i.e. overcome

362 knightlesse: i.e. unchivalrous train plot see G.

368 three-squares: i.e. of three equal sides

369 him buckled . . . field i.e. made himself ready for battle from to buckle on armour

373 blent i.e. blemished

376 but had he, etc., the reference is to Sansloy's encounter with Archimago who was wearing the Red Cross Knight's arms. The lines mean if the Red Cross Knight had been in Archimago's place, the latter would not have had to regret this foolish action. The last line is very obscure, perhaps it means I hope you will now find that Archimago certainly made a mistake in fighting me

381 bent: i.e. each went quell kill ' its original sense, O.E. *cwellan*

382 plate and mail i.e. plate armour and chain armour (p. note on v. 29)

384 pitty. either arouse pity in or she is subject

389 themselves . let i.e. they give each other a breathing space

393 themselves retire. withdraw themselves", cp. l. 40 *retire*

395 respure: ' take breath

397 breathed: " taken breath "

401 dreery: dripping with blood O.E. *dræorrig* see *dræmment*

402 deformed. i.e. disfigured

421 thy lovers token. i.e. a blow instead of such a token as knights usually wear on their helmets namely their lady's glove, sleeve or similar article

422 to fight: i.e. proceed to fight The 1596 edition has two "

430 last decay utter downfall " see decay.

431 another place: Spenser never tells this " battels end "

CANTO VII

Summary i vi Dues-a finds the Red Cross Knight beside a fountain vii xviii He is overcome by Orgogho and imprisoned in a dungeon Dues-a becomes Orgogho's lover and is set upon a beast with seven heads xix xxviii The dwarf finds Una and tells her of the Knight's misfortunes xxix li Meeting Prince Arthur and being comforted by him Una tells him her story led by the dwarf they go in search of the Knight

4 dyed in graine i.e. dyed in fast colours *Graine* is the scarlet colour produced by the dried grain like cochineal insect If the original sense scarlet survives here Spenser no doubt has in mind the Scarlet Woman see note on ii 110

18 forage i.e. fodder See G

37 Phoebe another name of Diana sister of Phoebus (Apollo)

45 and all grow for this fountain Spenser has gone to Ovid's description of Salmacis a fountain in the citadel of Halicarnassus a city of Caria (Asia Minor)

52 corage i.e. heart cp ii 368 and note

56 poured in loosenesse i.e. lying on wanton pleasure

62 his looser make his wanton companion see make

63 unready: the Knight not the weapons are unready for this use of transferred epithet cp v 447

64 but ere he could etc. the allegorical significance is that the Knight when he lays aside the armour of faith is open to defeat

67 an Gaunt i.e. Orgogho (Ital. *pride*) a brutal type of Pride different from the flaunting pride of Lucifer See Introd. p. xxi

82 so grown, etc. stanza ix names Earth as Orgogho's mother and Aeolus the god of the winds as his father

87 left to losse i.e. given over to destruction

88 snaggy: i.e. full of snags or knots

90 mortall mace i.e. deadly club

92 insupportable mayne: i.e. irresistible violence cp *synly* (line 100) mightily

98 fraile: i.e. which makes men weak cp 63 above

102 were not i.e. had it not been for *blesse* i.e. protect see note on ii 162

103 pouldred as flower: i.e. beaten to a powder as fine as flour pouldred = powdered (O Fr. *poudre* vb *l. pulvis* acc *pulverem* dust)

106 villains villain's " O Fradition, L.L. villains
of a villa or farm. In mediæval use first a free-born peasant,
then a scif whence the deterioration in meaning

117 th'only breath: i.e. the true breath

124 doe i.e. cause a Middle English idiom

130 to grace i.e. into his favour

138 purple pall i.e. purple mantle, see notes on ii. 110,
114

144 a . . beast: i.e. that in Revelation xvii on which
the woman sat

145 snake, i.e. the Hydra (water snake) which ravaged the
country around Lerna near Argos. To destroy it was one
of the labours of Hercules (Alcides). Stremone is perhaps
Spenser's mistake for the fountain Amymone flowing into
Lerna lake

160 heastes forstaught i.e. commands delivered of old *cp*
behest

166 forlorne weed i.e. abandoned armour see *werdes*.

167 missing . . at need i.e. which he lacked when he
most needed it

170 monuments of heaviness: i.e. reminders of distress

174 from that . . pray i.e. so as not to become his
prey

175 let hinder *cp let and hindrance*

179 lively breath i.e. the breath of life

191 carefull i.e. i.e. worn and weary

212 raise: ' reign i.e. its sway

218 thrilling ' piercing ' see note on *ju* 376

225 if leese . . found i.e. if the news is not so bad as
I fear I have found more favour (than I expected)

226 discourse declare i.e. give an account of the course
of events

236 sorrowful assay i.e. the attack of grief

241 loved dearer day: i.e. loved life more dearly

247 all i.e. just assignd i.e. pointed out (assigned)

248 carefull ' anxious ' as frequently

249 fresh renewed bale i.e. grief renewed afresh.

250 bet " beaten

254 a goodly knight i.e. Prince Arthur. See pp' 12, and
Introd., pp xviii xxi

256 glitterand see note on i. 147.

- 265 Hesperus the Evening Star : *e* the planet Venus
- 266 amaze the weaker sights : *e* dazzle eyes too weak to endure it cp Iavoc line 11
- 268 curious slights : *e* skilfully wrought patterns *Sights* is a variant form of *slights* (see G) cp *high height*
- 270 mother perle : *e* mother of pearl tong the tongue of the strap on which the sword hung
- 271 haughtie splendid *haught* + *y* see G hornd rough see note on vi 219
- 273 a Dragon Arthur's father Uther was also called Pendragon because he too had on his helmet (Celtic *pen* head) a dragon
- 276 bever : *e* helmet see G
- 281 discoloured : *e* variously coloured *diversly* is redundant (L *dis* apart)
- 285 greene Selinus probably Virgil's *palmosa Selinus* though that is a town not a hill in Sicily
- 292 bene are a Chaucerian form
- 294 Adamant: very hard O Fr < L *adamantem* < Gk *a* not + *dawdo* I tame *diamond* is a variant form
- 298 wight : *e* anyone went : *e* was went to
- 299 but whenas : *e* except when
- 306 as when constraint an allusion to the belief that witches could obscure the moon
- 307 hereof : *e* over this
- 309 as second in sight : *e* as it appeared to be
- 311 him list : *e* it pleased him to O E *lystan* to desire cognate with *lust* pleasure see note on iv 178 Cp the wind bloweth where it listeth (John iii 8)
- 315 hew shape form cp i 414 and note
- 316 ne let excedes : *e* nor let this seem beyond belief
- 319 Merlin the great magician of Arthurian legend
- 325 gentler cp i 1 and see G
- 329 menage faire : *e* control skilfully *menage* (*manage*) is fr L I *manu d're* to control with the hand (*manus*)
- 330 curbed canon butt : *e* curved smooth butt See canon
- 335 lovely court : *e* gracious deference entertain : *e* talk to
- 339 feeling : *e* sympathetic
- 340 fitting purposes : *e* suitable conversation

- 412 bleeding: i.e. wrung with pain from her heart
- 419 helpless harmest: i.e. sorrows for which there is no help *378* . keeps: i.e. it is better to keep hidden
- 420 O, but I quoth she?, etc.: the play on words in this stanza is typically Elizabethan, stimulated by Lyly's novel *Laphaeg* (1579) it is still common in Shakespeare's early plays
- 427 is staid: i.e. rests secure (is stayed) or made to rest
- 428 does paine: i.e. impairs or weakens it *paine* is fr O fr emperor L.L. *pajoure* L. *pjor*, worse
- 431 whiles equal . . . about: i.e. while Fate ran its course impartially
- 435 all the territories: i.e. the garden of Eden with its three rivers. The parentage of Una is thus given as man (Adam and Eve) in his state of perfect innocence after the fall, typified by the entry of the dragon. Truth (Una) has to find her way in the world
- 439 Tartary: i.e. the land of the Tartars no doubt suggested by the resemblance of the name to Tartarus (see note on v. 293)
- 439 coast: i.e. country that heaven walks about: i.e. round which the sky revolves in allusion to the old belief that the heavens were a series of h'w spheres turning round a motionless earth
- 409 that noble order the Knights of the Round Table, with an allusion also to the V. . . Queen's court, or perhaps to the Order of the Garter
- 412 Cleopolis: i.e. city of *κλει* (Greek) cp *metropolis* (lit. mother city) *1* read *red* see read.
- 417 the unregarded right: i.e. the right which none respected
- 430 dolefull disadventurous deere: i.e. sad unlucky harm, deere is fr O.E. *dear* injury
- 431 my captive languor: i.e. the grief that held me captive, cp line 48 above
- 435 his sense abused: i.e. by the false vision (b. 35 note) misdeem . . . despight, i.e. misjudge the loyalty (which was not the disloyalty it seemed to him) of me who prefer death to such wrong
- 439 estimate: i.e. estimate judge cp L. *estimare*
- 444 other: i.e. to other
- 446 that brought . . . dead: i.e. who returned alive awkwardly expressed since a living man can hardly bring back his dead body. The byways are those of sin and error.

441 only : *e* special

453 dissolute: : *e* his strength wantonly relaxed cp line
56 L *dissolvere* pp *dissolutus* to unloose dissolve

CANTO VIII

Summary : iv Arthur and Una with the dwarf and squire come to Orgoglio's castle v xxix Despite the help of Duessa's beast and her magic cup Orgoglio is slain Arthur's shield dazzles his foes Duessa is put into the squire's charge xxx xlv Obtaining no answer from Ignaro Arthur enters the castle and finds the Red Cross Knight in a dungeon expecting death and almost too weak to walk out xlv i Duessa stripped naked flees away

7 sinfull bands : *e* the bondage of sin

16 by and by immediately cp Elizabethan *presently* at once

23 an horne of bugle small : *e* a small horn of a wild ox see bugle

24 in twisted gay : *e* gaily adorned with

25 over all everywhere cp Fr *partout*

26 virtues powers qualities the magic horn from the famous *Chant* of the old French epic *Song of Roland* is a constant feature of romance

34 presently see note on 16 above *vous* : *e* intellectual

39 of freewill : *e* of its own accord

41 dalliance fownd found amusement in love making

45 horror: both the meanings vibration and terror are no doubt intended see note on vi 96 and cp L *horre* to tremble

49 on his creast : *e* on its top

50 late cruell feast an allusion to the massacre of the Huguenots (French Protestants) in Paris on St Bartholomew's day 1572 and perhaps to the atrocities of the Spanish soldiers in the Low Countries

52 addrest: : *e* put in readiness See G

58 all armd graine : *e* the club was made formidable by its rough knobs and the coarse grain of the wood See snubbes

59 him thought a ME confusion of *he thought* (OE *ðæhte*) and *him thoughts* (it seemed to him OE *ðuhte*)

63 it booted . . beare: : *e* it was useless to think of enduring such an attack

- 63 ydles : *s* ineffective
- 74 wreake: 'avenge,' : *s* punish see wreake mortall
: *s* of mortall
- 75 food: 'feed' : *s* enmity See G.
- 83 light: "easily"
- 89 larger: 'copious', cp *laus flamma larga* trunked
: *s* cut off cp to truncate stock: 'stump
- 92 impatient of : *s* unable to bear as in Latin cp I
pati to suffer
- 95 Cymruan plaine: probably the land of the Cimmerii in
S. Russia
- 96 kindly rage: : *s* natural passion See note on : 117
- 97 for the . . want : *s* for lack of the cows
- 101 daungerd her estate : *s* made her position dangerous
- 104 gate, : *s* bearing part See gate
- 105 threatnd, advanced threateningly
- 113 let opposition cp vi 1-3 and note
- 118 golden cups the woman in Revelation xvii had in her
hand a golden cup full of abominations cp ii 110 and
note
- 120 sup sup Ir ik O L *sāpan* O Ir *soper* to
sup (whence *supper* : it same Gmc root
- 124 weaker : *s* too weak as frequently
- 129 did seize: : *s* caused to seize cp vii 124 and note
- 131 that . . gan well advise: : *s* perceived that clearly
- 148 grieved : *s* wounded
- 155 one alone left : *s* the only one left to him
- 159 seems: : *s* seem (sure)
- 164 his veles : *s* its covering (veil) see veles, and for his
see Introd p xxvii
- 172 fruitfull headed: : *s* many headed
- 180 perish all : *s* utterly perish
- 183 proov'd: : *s* put to the test O Ir *procer* L
probare cp probation
- 192 blest: : *s* brandished, see note on v 49
- 198 drift: : *s* impetus, related to O E *drifan* to drive
- 200 slight: 'stratagem' See G.
- 204 runner: in the Latin sense "downfall", cp L *currere*,
to rush, fall

219 crowned mitre the papal tiara a conical cap of cloth of gold encircled by three crowns cp u 112 rudely: roughly

235 and you, etc Una is still speaking to Prince Arthur you instead of the nominative ye (cp 234) implies as to you fresh bud fast Arthur is still a young prince

240-1 and all to restore : s and does see (look upon) all things with an impartial eye to reward them according to their deserts

243 requite with usuree : s reward many times over (at a high rate of interest)

246-7 your fortune pray : s do you make the most of your good fortune by wise conduct and I pray that what has been well begun may end just as well

255 greedie great desyre : s impetuous zeal and eagerness for battle

263 an old old man Ignaro : s ignorance foster father of pride

265 gate : s steps cp line 104 and see G

268 unused : s due to disuse

271 uncouth strange See G

272 untoward pace awkward steps

275 trace : s advance

293 sits with : s becomes

296 in ages grave degree : s at the serious time of life

305 breach hit breaking : s damage

306 empeach hinder O Fr *empescher* (mod Fr *empêcher*) L L *impedicare* to fetter < *pēs pedem* the foot cp *impede*

310 that might behold : s fit to welcome princes

315 sacred accursed one sense of L *sacer*

319 doen to dye lit caused to die i s put to death, cp note on vii 124

321 whose sprites this idea of the souls of the slain crying out from underneath the altar is taken from Revelation vi 9-10

333 enlargen set free cp to be at large

339 three Moones hew : s three months have elapsed hew: appearance shape

346 fowle forlore : s foully abandoned see forlore

354 entire . hands : i s love that is all love scorns to be too fastidious with nicer cp *Invoc.* 11

350 pined comes: i.e. body exhausted by suffering O L
 pen (torment) and M E paine (O Lr *paine*) both derive from
 l *penu* (whence *penalty*) cp Chaucer's *forpined goost*,
 tormented ghost

361 better bite i.e. good food no real comparison is
 implied

375 evil starre. cp note on l 257

378 misseeming hew: i.e. unseemly appearance *hew* may
 here have the sense "hue" as well

383 4 and for . . . priefe i.e. and who (i.e. Fortune) shall
 pay for the wrongs she has done with good thrice as great
 as those wrongs good issues from the experience (proof) of
 evil *Priefe* is a variant of *proof* cp *refrize*

395 yron pen: a phrase from Job xix 24

397 wanted: i.e. (your) usual

403 doe her dies see note on 319 above were despoight,
 would be spite "

410 despoight: i.e. stripped off the head-dress *poie* is
 a shortened form of *attire* perhaps influenced by *tiare* call:
 hair net

414 good . . . not be told nevertheless in stanzas 47 and
 48 Spenser gives one of his vivid horrible detailed pictures—
 her rotten gums scabby skin foxes tail, etc In addition
 to the obvious allegory of the exposure of falsehood's
 deformity it has been suggested that there may be a reference
 to Elizabeth's action in sparing the life of Mary Queen of
 Scots while exposing her true character by the investigation
 of the charges against her at York in 1568

440 feature i.e. form O l *faisture* L *facture* (<*facere*,
 to make)

CANTO IX

Summary i-xvii Arthur relates his birth, his rearing by
 Timon, and his love for Gloriana xviii-xx Arthur and the
 Red Cross Knight exchange gifts and part xxi-xxxi The
 Knight and Una meet Sir Trevisan fleeing from Despair; he
 tells them how Despair lured Sir Terwin to suicide. xxxiv-lv
 They come to the Cave of Despair and Despair almost per-
 suades the Red Cross Knight to kill himself Una saves him,
 and Despair hangs himself—in vain

friendly bands. i.e. bonds of friendship

1 O goodly . . . chaine: the reference is to the laws of
 chivalry linking knights together in courtesy and service

3 safety: pronounced as three syllables

6 envy: i.e. grudge accented on *vy*

- 8 favourable favouring helping
 13 them list it pleased them : e they wished
 14 fell : e should befall them
 19 me require ask of me
 20 without my wit : e beyond the limits of my knowledge
 25 unfit : e before I was old enough
 26 a Faery knight: in Malory's version of the Arthurian legend the infant son of Uther Pendragon was at Merlin's suggestion put into the charge of Sir Ector a lord of fair livelihood in many parts in England and Wales
 27 gentle thewes i.e. the manners of a gentleman cp gentle discipline (p. 1) and see thewes
 33 Rauran a hill in Merionethshire mossy here : e grey with moss
 40 Tutor's nouriture i.e. Tutor's education of him
 45 in her iust terms : e at the right moment
 46 well worthy unpe : e excellent youth gent : e gentle high born
 55 fatal i.e. of fate or destiny
 57 that fresh wound : e the pains of love
 59 with forced behest i.e. either love (the wound) following its command brought me or love brought me following its command If the latter the comma after *behest* should be omitted forced fury i.e. strong emotion
 73 it was, etc.: this story is based perhaps on the Earl of Leicester's love for Queen Elizabeth
 74 corage : e love see note on iii 368
 75 kindly heat i.e. natural passion
 88 their God: i.e. Cupid god of lovers
 90 wary government : e cautious self-control
 98 disadventurous : e disastrous
 99 yeeldes most despoight : e submits his neck as a captive to the victor's utmost contempt the allusion is to the Roman practice of making prisoners pass beneath the yoke or to the conqueror's placing his foot on the captive's neck
 101 mated : e overwhelmed in distress See amate
 102 prouder too proud the intensive comparative as often boy : e Cupid
 104 5 prickt forth hardiment : e urged on by the pleasures of a freer life and by a warm courageous heart

8 favourable: "favouring, helping"

13 them lists: "it pleased them," i.e. they wished.

14 fell: i.e. should befall them.

19. me requires ask of me

20. without . . . my wit: i.e. beyond the limits of my knowledge.

25 unfit: i.e. before I was old enough

26 a Faery knight: in Malory's version of the Arthurian legend the infant son of Uther Pendragon was, at Merlin's suggestion, put into the charge of Sir Ector, "a lord of fair livelihood in many parts in England and Wales"

27. gentle thewes: i.e. the manners of a gentleman, cp "gentle discipline" (p. 1), and see thewes.

33 Raurant: a hall in Merionethshire mossy bore: i.e. grey with moss.

40. Tutor's nurture: i.e. Tutor's education of him

45. in her iust terms: i.e. at the right moment.

46. well worthy unpe: i.e. excellent youth gent: i.e. gentle, high-born.

55. fatal: i.e. of fate or destiny

57. that fresh . . . wound: i.e. the pains of love

59 with forced . . . behest: i.e. either, love (the wound) following its command brought me; or, love brought me following its command. If the latter, the comma after behest should be omitted. forced fury: i.e. strong emotion

73. it was, etc.: this story is based perhaps on the Earl of Leicester's love for Queen Elizabeth.

74. corage: i.e. love, see note on *id.* 368.

75. kindly heart: i.e. natural passion

88 their God: i.e. Cupid, god of lovers.

92. wary government: i.e. cautious self-control

98. disastrous: i.e. disastrous

99. yekles . . . most despights: i.e. submits his neck as a captive to the victor's utmost contempt; the allusion is to the Roman practice of making prisoners pass beneath the yoke or to the conqueror's placing his foot on the captive's neck

101. mated: i.e. overwhelmed in distress. See *amate*.

102. prouder: "too proud"; the intensive comparative as often. boy: i.e. Cupid.

104-5. prickt forth . . . hardiment: i.e. urged on by the pleasures of a freer life, and by a warm courageous heart.

- 107 forewarned: i.e. exhausted (see note on l. 44)
 111 humour sweet: i.e. most sweet and long air (cp
 ham: ly)
 114 slombing: slumber subject of did steele
 1 so fayre days: i.e. the sun had never shone on one so
 1
 2 lovely blandishment: i.e. gracious loving tale
 32 cast: removed carefull sorrowful
 133 smoke: i.e. in metaphor the one was a sign of his love
 144 on ground: i.e. in this world
 145 thine Of them etc: the Red Cross knight declares
 his second only to Gloriana and Arthur to be a worthy
 champion of Gloriana (i.e. Elizabeth) any living man is so
 149 firmest faith: i.e. strongly
 150 the Patron: Leveson (see note on p. 73 above) had been
 Spenser's patron (see Intro. d. p. x) he had died in 1558
 152 proves prefer: i.e. the proof of valour
 154 discouraging: i.e. while they were) talking an absolute
 construction
 157 voyage: journey O Fr voyage not in Spenser's
 day used only of journeys by sea
 163 sure: i.e. real pure
 167 incontinent: i.e. at once (cp vi. 68)
 169 a booke: i.e. the Bible
 171 habile: able O Fr mod Fr *habile* clever L
habilis easy to handle L *habere* to have held
 174 prey: i.e. prey upon
 178 in face of: i.e. to face
 179 hew: i.e. appearance condition
 189 foies: foal Pegasus kynde: i.e. the breed of the
 flying horse of Greek mythology
 195 fayre degree: i.e. honourable rank
 200 mister wight: i.e. kind of man Mister <O F mister
 trade (Mod Fr *métier*) L *ministerium* (office) The con-
 struction without of goes back to O L use of *cynn* as
 in *Scdora cynna dcor* (an male of three kinds) which weakened
 in M L to *three kin dcor* where *kin* is quasi adjectival in
 function
 205 bath ye arrayd: i.e. put you in this state ye should
 be you the acc. form
 212 infernall tunes: cp. note on v. 273

231. *cace*: in the sense of Latin *cadens*, downfall
234. partaker of the place: i.e. a sharer in its miseries
246. *blesse*: i.e. protect, save; see note on II. 162.
251. *hiddens*: i.e. a snake hidden, a transferred epithet.
254. *emboast*: "overwhelmed"; it was used of a stag brought to bay, cp. O Fr. *embuscher*, to drive into the woods to ambush, Fr. *bois*, wood
259. *hartlesse*: "disheartened"
269. whose like . . . beares: i.e. who possessed of a similar weakness, may meet a similar fate.
274. like would not: i.e. would not endure the like again
275. *meal'th*: "melteeth"
283. of grace: i.e. of (your) grace, by your favour
294. ghastly Owle: cp. note on v. 267
298. and all about, etc.: an outstanding example of the way in which Spenser harmonises his scenery with the allegorical persons
300. *knees*: i.e. projections like knees
314. *pine*. "pain", see note on viii. 359
315. as he . . . *dine*: i.e. as if he never ate
318. *abouts*: this form is solely for rhyme
331. *fact*: "deed," as L. *factum*, cp. *malefactor* (evil-doer)
333. to price: i.e. to pay the price of.
334. what *franticke fit*, etc.: Despair's whole speech shows Spenser's mastery in using his stanza to convey plausible argument in which the very sound of the words breathes despair; lines 379-396 are particularly apt.
335. *doome*: i.e. judgment, sentence, cp. *Doomsday*, to *deem*
338. *drive*: plural form, "no other causes drive."
346. is not . . . *past*: i.e. is it not a great kindness to help such a traveller across?
349. *fond*. "foolish."
361. *suddeine wit*: i.e. unexpected reasoning
362. the *terme*, etc.: this argument is from Plato's *Phaedo* a dialogue on immortality.
366. *doomer* "decree", see note on 335 above
381. *boaste*: abbreviation of "boastest."
384. *bloud must . . . repay*: a favourite theme of the Elizabethan tragedies of revenge, supremely seen in *Hamlet*.

- 385 forespent see note on : 74
 390 that life may: : e which may attend upon life
 400 amaze overwhelm cp ix 101 and note
 403 date: : e allotted span of life L *datum* given
 408 thy sinfull here: : e yo'r ages for serving sin
 413 vild vile see note on : 175
 414 in all abuse: : e in every kind of wrong doing
 416 equall: impartial
 422 glasses: the metaphor is drawn from the hour glass
 whose sand runs out in an hour
 427 rehearse utter say
 428 reverse: bring back L *revertere* pp *reversus* to
 turn back
 431 as : e as if unchaunted : e possessed of magic
 powers
 433 amazement: : e confusion of mind
 438 tables: picture L *tabula* cp Fr *tableau* Paint
 ings of the Last Judgment were common in medieval art
 plains : e clearly
 446 overcrow crow over : e exult over
 458 finall smart : e death wound
 461 well of life: : e heart
 462 reliv'd: : e restored to life
 464 rife deeply
 473 that chosen art : e who art one of God's elect (L
electus chosen) a term from Calvinistic theology
 476 hand writing the idea is from Colossians ii 14
 blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was
 against us
 482 unbud: : e not prayed for cp *bidding* x 26
 484 drest: : e prepared see address

CANTO X

Summary i vii Una takes her Knight to the House of
 Holiness viii xxiii Calia receives them with Faith and
 Hope who instruct the Knight xxiv xxviii Patience and
 Repentance cure him and restore him to Una he is taught
 by Charity xxxiv xlv Mercy takes him to the hospital of
 the seven headmen xlvi lx Then to the hermitage of

Contemplation, from a hill he sees the New Jerusalem
 ix-end Contemplation instructs him, and tells his lineage
 He and Una leave to fulfil his adventure

7 thorough: "through" See G.

12 raw: i.e. out of training or condition cp a raw recruit

17 chearen: i.e. become encouraged (of good cheer); see
 cheare.

26 bidding . . . bedes: i.e. praying her prayers, see note on
 i 268

28 Calia: i.e. heavenly (wisdom), L. *coelum*, heaven

33 Fideia and Speranza. Faith and Hope

34 though spoused . . . solemnize: i.e. betrothed, but still
 awaiting the solemnisation of their marriages; both these
 virtues look forward to the future

35 Charissa. Chanty, already fruitful in this life

36 pledges: i.e. children pledges of love

44 Humiltà: Humilty, Spenser prefers Italianised forms

48 plaine: i.e. level.

49 francklin: a well-to-do free (Fr. *franc*) landowner of
 mediæval times, here signifying one freed by Christ faire
 and free: i.e. courteous and easy in his manners, a conven-
 tional ballad phrase

53 lively: i.e. (to express) in a vivid way

57 sad: "sober," "dark-coloured"

59. knew . . . degree: i.e. knew how to treat men of every
 rank

61 no courting niceties: i.e. no affected courtly ceremonious-
 ness

72 weaker eld: either Calia is "too weak in her old age"
 (cp note on *Invoc* 11), or she derives comfort from Una's
 youth (weaker age)

76 head: i.e. life.

77 ever-dying dread: i.e. unceasing fear of death

78 long a day: cp. "many a day"

84. so few, etc.: cp. Matthew vii 14. Knights-errant are
 given more to worldliness than to Holiness.

94. broad-blazed: i.e. blazoned abroad as by a trumpet.

100. devise: "talk."

105 Fideia: in this symbolical picture of Faith white
 represents pure innocence, the cup a sacrament, the serpent
 wisdom, the book the Bible

- 118 Speranza: bliss is the symbol of Hope. The anchor
ke her to heaven
- 126 swarved: turned aside as swerved
- 131 shamfast: i.e. shy see i te on p. 240
- 133 geats: dead. Latin *gea* = *acta*. In the Middle Ages
no word was used of heron: i.e. as if King Arthur's knights
hen of other tales and so to the special use just
- 147 Chansour Charity commonly performs gives birth to
acts of love
- 149 read: advise bowen bedroome ereyle see G
- 150 groome a manservant cf. Groom in Waiting in royal
service. See G
- 153 dew repasts: i.e. a r. r. ed meal
- 163 bloud: i.e. the blood of Christ and the martyrs
- 166 documentis: teaching a Latin *docere* cf. *L. docere*
to teach
- 171 thrills: pierce see note on p. 156
- 172 she list: a right i.e. was pleased to show the
greater powers of her wif. ii
- 173 the hasty stay referring: extract from the Book
of Jasher that recounts Joshua's stay p. 13 the sun Joshua x 12
13 These illustrations of faith's power are akin to the
exposition of faith in Hebrews xi
- 174 or backward: hight God at Isaac's prayer
brought the shadow ten degrees backward in the dial'
2 Kings xx 11
- 175 sometimes Jamay: as Cadron dispersed the
Midianites Judges vii
- 176 dryshod: i.e. twain referring to the crossing of the Red
Sea by Moses
- 177 and eke, etc: cf. Christ's words in Matthew xii 21
- 205 leech: i.e. physician the sense of OE *læce* whence
leech because of the former common use of that word by
physicians in blood letting as a remedy
- 212 passing prife: i.e. surpassing excellence (proof)
- 214 to ease: breife: i.e. he quickly restored him to
comfort
- 215 the passion of his plight: i.e. the suffering he was in
- 218 infected: i.e. deeply rooted
- 224 corrouvers: caustic medicinal preparations
- 225 straight: strict', OF *estrait* L. *strictus* tight
(= *stringere*, to bind)

- 227 proud humors: i.e. the desires of the body, see humor
- 233 whot: an erratic spelling of "hot"
- 238 well: i.e. spring
- 240 sore: i.e. which makes wounds smart
- 263 bounty: "goodness"
- 272 that ioyd her: "which it gave her joy"
- 277 passing price: "immense value"
292. well to donne: "well-doing", *to donne* is a gerundial infinitive, " (of well) doing"
- 300 descride: "revealed" See G.
- 301 over-all: "everywhere"
- 305 this wide . . . wave: cp. "the waves of this trouble some world" in the Baptismal Service
317. foreby the way: "close by the path"
- 318 bead-men: a beadsman was one who prayed for benefactors, see note on l. 268
- 323 wayting: "watching," the original sense See G.
- 332 such as . . . constraine: i.e. those whom lack of lodgings drove to seek shelter there
334. almoner: "almoner", an official whose duty is to distribute alms
- 341 what needs: if this is the common use of "need" as an impersonal verb ("is it necessary for him"), the omission of the inflection is odd. *Need* may possibly be a noun here
354. bras: "brass" for "money" is now slang or dialect
- 355 Turkes and Sarazins: the capture of Christians by Mohammedan pirates who sold them as slaves was not at all uncommon in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries
- 358 then that why: i.e. than the offence for which
- ✓ 359. he that . . . hell: the medieval story of Christ's descent into, and harrowing of hell was based on the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, and dealt with the overthrow of Satan and the rescue from his hands of the righteous who had died before Christ's coming. It was a favourite theme of ecclesiastical artists, of writers, and of dramatists.
- 363 most . . . comfort: i.e. comfort is most necessary, cp 341 above.
368. throw: i.e. death-throe
371. engraver "bury."
- * 373 their heavenly spouses: i.e. Christ.

- 14 Gode owne mouthe: i.e. man created in the image
 15 Ceneas (17)
 16 ne ought: nor at all ought is a whit.
 17 apply p.v. practise
 18 as I were: i.e. although "his eyes" were op'nd
 19 nought: he cared: i.e. he took no care of
 20 low and chaste: i.e. subm. alive and free from the lusts
 21 flesh
 225 belight: entrance: an unusual sense. O.E.
 230 *belidan* to promise. See light
 237 the righteous seed: i.e. the sons of righteousness
 240 man of God: Moses who received the Ten Command-
 245 ments on Mount Sinai
 251 blood-red billowes: i.e. the Red Sea
 255 bloody letters: and metaphorically to imply God's
 260 anger against such as should break His commandments, as
 265 shown by the bitter exile or penalty
 268 that sacred hill the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem,
 273 frequented by Christ
 278 that pleasant Mount Iarnaxus in Greece where the
 283 Nine Muses lived. The mingling of Biblical and pagan
 288 classical allusions is characteristic of Renaissance writers
 290 a goodly Citie this lower, town of the New Jerusalem
 295 is based on Revelation 21
 298 ditty: their: i.e. dictated something dictated
 300 commonly: familiarly intimately
 315 Cleopatra: the city of Cairo: i.e. London
 319 Panthea: Windsor Castle Westminster Abbey and
 324 Greenwich Palace have all been suggested identifications of
 329 this bright towre but Spenser probably had in mind the
 334 Temple of Glass in Chaucer's *House of Fame*
 338 for earthly frame: i.e. as a building on earth. The
 343 whole stanza is a typical compliment to Elizabeth and her
 348 court
 352 eternized: immortalised pronounce *eternized*
 355 accounted: "accounted"
 358 suite: pursuit "O I'll suite it: I requit requies to
 363 follow
 365 presage: point out.
 369 Saint George see note on 1199 mercy: "pleasant"
 375 bequeathed cares: i.e. the charge entrusted to him by
 380 the maid

568. me grace: "show me His favour"

569. abett: "help"

573. beblight: "call," an usual sense see note to 448 above.

585. chaungelings: the superstition that faeries could replace a human child by a fairy was common in Spenser's day; Shakespeare, too, refers to it

591. whereof: "and therefore" Georgos: Greek for ploughman. The story is a good example of how a myth could arise from an attempt to explain a name

592. thy forces pryde: "pride in your strength"

594 as seemes . . . became; i.e. as it seems it most befitted thee

598 bownd: "lead" See bond.

601. passing: "surpassing, very great"

602 shyne: "brightness"

608. his paynes byre: i.e. reward for the trouble he had taken

CANTO XI

Summary i-vii. The Knight and Una come to her father's country. Una waits on a hill. viii-xiv. The dreadful dragon is described. xv-xxviii. The Knight and the dragon fight. xxix-xxxiii. The Knight, struck down, falls into the well of life at sunset. xxxiv-l. The fight is resumed next day and the dragon wounded, but the Knight, attacked by scorching fire, falls into the stream by the tree of life. The dragon cannot approach. li-end. On the third day the Knight kills the dragon. Una praises God.

13 at your keepings: "on your guard", see keeps.

17. ye: for "you"; see Introd. p. xxvii

20. brassen: "of brass."

26. happily: i.e. by good fortune (hap), see hapless.

33. of a great . . . hill: the repetition effectively emphasises the size. The detail "sunny side" makes the picture remarkably vivid.

36. untill: "unto"; a Northern dialect form from Old Norse.

39. that battailles proof: i.e. the issue of the fight.

40. far descryde: i.e. seen from afar.

41 a little wyde: i.e. a little way off.

41 sacred Muse: Clio the muse of history (p. *Invoc.* line 10 "she was daughter of Phoebus (Light) and Mnemosyne (Memory)")

46 till I of warres, etc.: Spenser here refers to the war between Elizabeth's England and Philip II's Spain. He meant to write of it either later in the *Faerie Queene* or more probably in another poem. The fighting was on the sea & on the Netherlands & not on Bryton fields. *Latins* may refer to Spain's Moorish subjects.

61 & lett downe . . . *rayse* : & lay aside that high pitched lyre and take up, one of lower pitch to accompany my song. *Second tenor* is a phrase from the part singing very popular then.

63 of God bus : & of God's . . . *armes* : & feats of arms

64 the dreadful Beast: the detailed picture of the dragon again shows Spenser's power in the grotesque and terrible. The poet makes full use of shape colour etc.) sound and movement. The Knight's victory may be too miraculous, the dragon almost beyond conception and the fight too long in telling, but the whole is a masterpiece of nightmare in slow motion.

65 halfe . . . *footing*, so Milton in imitation describes Satan's flight through Chaos in *Paradise Lost* li 940.

67 waste: was

70 waste: vast huge

78 rouse: ruffle p . . . *rudely* dight: & fiercely ready

81 faggy: drooping

100 but stunges, etc. the order is inverted awkwardly its claws are sharper than stings. The repetition of sharp from line 99 is to be noted.

107 mouth of hell: this in the medieval miracle plays was represented as a dragon's head with gaping jaws.

109 that . . . what (that which)

113 seare : & burning (p. *to sear*)

120 beacons: an allusion to the beacons lit to announce the sighting of the Spanish Armada 20th July 1588.

137 rigorous : fierce, violent

139 harder: too hard see note on *Invoc.* 11

161 stooping: a term used in falconry of the hawk swooping on its prey

163 subject: "lying beneath", a Latinism

167 hagar: wild untamed "

168 hardy: "bold, daring," the sense of Fr. *hardi*
 169 able might: lit. the power of his ability

172 he so . . . grosse: i.e. the dragon being thus dis-
 173 possessed of his strong grip, or forced to loose his hold

173. thirllant: "piercing", cp. i 147, vii 256.

174 embosse: "drive in", a different word from *emboss*,
 175 x 254 Apparently coined by Spenser ? *em* + *boss*, a cask
 176 obsolete)

185 gulfe: i.e. the sea, the neighbour element is the land,
 186 the blustering breithren are the winds

188 to move . . . henge: to move the world off its hinge
 189 to shake it from its orbit

197 deepe rooted ul: i.e. the deep-sunk spear-head

198 noethril: "nostril" O.E. *nosu-ðryel*, lit. *nose-hole*,
 199 *ðryel* is cogn. w. *thrill* (see note on ul. 376)

203 straighter: "narrower", see note on x. 225 implies:
 204 'enfolds', see note on iv. 275

205 can. 'did', cp. line 277 below and see can.

208 trenchard: see note on i 147

217 beguyl'd. "foiled"

223 forcible despight: i.e. furious anger

235 champion: Hercules, having put on a tunic which his
 236 wife Deianira, thinking it a love charm had smeared with
 237 the poisonous blood of the centaur Nessus, suffered such
 238 agony (Spenser's *funes and sharpe fits* ') that he threw
 239 himself on a funeral pyre and was burnt to death

236 famous poetes: notably Homer, this story is told by
 237 Ovid

240 centaures: the centaurs were a race half man, half
 241 horse bloody verses. an addition by Spenser

243 armd . . . harmd: a typical Elizabethan play on words.
 244 The next two lines are another Elizabethan mannerism
 245 'faynt . . . with heat,' "wearies" "with toyle," etc.

244. emboyled: "beated," grieved: "injured."

250 cast . . . respire: i.e. resolved to let him breathe no
 251 longer.

251 sterne . . . to weld: i.e. wave his tail.

253 it fortun'd, etc.: this incident is taken from the
 254 medieval romance *Sir Bevis of Southampton*.

254 unweeting: i.e. he being unaware of it.

261 the well of life: cp the river of water of life
Revelation xiii 1 Spenser means by this incident that a
man cannot defeat evil without God's grace

6 Sides the pool of Siloam where a blind man's sight was
restored St John ix 7 Jordan: the river Jordan whose
waters healed Naaman the Syrian leper 2 Kings v 14

7 9 Baths in the West of England still famous for its
Fenian baths Spain: near Laige in Belgium and the origin of
the word Spa as in Harrogate Spa

269 Cephissus: the most famous river Cephissus was in
Boeotia in Greece Hebrus a river in Thrace As neither
river was famous for healing properties Spenser's mention of
them is obscure

271 Phœbus: cp l 287 and note

290 that is on which when Titan is the sun

295 to move is might epy: moving The infinitive
construction after a verb of seeing was usual in O.E. as in
Latin and French

296 salery: here three villables

300 as eagle, etc: Spenser uses the old fable that the eagle
when it grew old soared towards the sun's heat then plunged
into the ocean and thence emerged with fresh wings

303 eyas: young l: nestling O.Fr. *eyes* L.L. *aldar*
L. *aldus* a nest A. *eyas* = an *eyas* cp *eyon* < Fr.
napperon

306 new bornes an alus on to the doctrine of regeneration
The Knight cannot conquer evil in his own strength he must
be born again of water and the Spirit

312 dew burnings: is spark ng with the water of life

317 dew: perhaps not dew but *dew* is fit for the
purpose

335 intended: outstretched from root sense of L.
intendere

337 behot: 'promised' is thought him likely to live
cp x 448 573

339 seeds: 'sowed' 'penetrated'

341 griefs: is pain diseases: is afflicted

364 Cerberus: see v 293 and note

366 griped gage: pledge he had seized

386 yett missed not: is was not yet conscious of
minights: diminished

392 Aetna: the picture of Etna is probably based on Virgil's
Aeneid iii 571 stews: is lava

- 401 *expire*: in its literal sense, 'breathe out'
- 406 a goodly tree: i.e. the tree of life, Revelation xiii 2
- 412 *sted*: "place": cp *instead*, *home stead*, *steadfast*, *Berkhamsted*, etc
- 414 *crime*: "accusation" one sense of *L. crimen*. Adam might have eaten of the tree of life, but instead he ate of the other tree (lines 420-23). So the tree of life was a reproach to him
- 425 *balme*: 'the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations,' Revelation, xiii 2
- 426 *dainty deare*: "rare and precious" *stall*: "continually"
- 434 *deadly made*: i.e. born for death
- 452 *Aurore*: see notes on ii 55 56.
- 473 *perforce*: "by force"
- 475 so unportune might: i.e. such irresistible force *L. importūnus*, grievous
- 477 *retyr'd* i.e. (the sword being) "drawn back"
- 484 *poyse*: "force" *ruft*: "torn away"
- 490 *unredeem'd*: i.e. entertained without just cause

CANTO XII

Summary i-viii The King, Queen, and courtiers greet the Knight and Una. ix-xi The crowd fearfully gaze on the dead dragon. xii-xix In the palace they feast and rejoice. The Knight tells of his adventures. He must return to serve the Faerie Queene six years. xx xxv Una is betrothed to the Knight. Archimago in disguise enters with a letter from Duessa. The deceit is exposed, and Archimago imprisoned. xxvi end The marriage is solemnized, and the Knight departs.

- 3 *vere* the . . . *shete*: i.e. change the ship's direction with: i.e. towards, against; this was the original sense, cp *withstand*
- 4 *afore* is . . . *kend*: i.e. is clearly visible ahead. See *kend*
- 5 *offend*: i.e. strike against; a Latinism, *L. offendere*
- 25 *out of hand*: i.e. at once.
- 28 *on hye*: i.e. loudly
34. *consort*: "accord"
39. *add*: i.e. sober-coloured *right well beset*: i.e. splendid to behold.

43 armes to sound: either 1) with arms (thinking of the clash of battle) or to tell of deeds of arms

54 timbrals two metal disks that strike each other

55 fry 1) crowd properly swarm of young fish cp small fry See G

61 Diana see note on 134

66 humblesse: humility

71 2 who in queene 1) and she looking well in this adornment which made her resemble her true self appeared what she was in reality a queen 1) a king's daughter

73 the raskall many Spenser's acquaintance with wild Irish mobs can only have strengthened his natural aristocratic temper Shakespeare 1) scorned the many headed multitude See many

80 ydle 1) lasele

81 it faynd: 1) desire of the fear

94 gossibe gossip 1) L god's sib god parent one sib (related) through God

110 shaumes riu instrument like clock O Tr chalume L calamus 1) reed pipe

113 purveyaunce meet 1) proper provision To purvey is a doublet of to provide O Tr p roovr L provide

116 name 1) quality reputation

11 purpose 1) conversation

124 bare and playne a compliment paid to Elizabeth who was notorious for her love of economy

134 as is exprest 1) in the previous cantos

135 accordings: granting 1) according to

137 passionate 1) experience and show The root meaning of passion 1) suffering L patē pp passus cp the Passion of Christ

140 unpertune severe cruel

148 note a contraction of ne wote know not

156 plight: plightēd pledged

161 Paynim king: Philip of Spain still England's enemy

166 precece pretis 1) a by form with long vowel and so spelt to give eye rhyme

168 doest under 1) cause to be undone

176 to his Dame: 1) for his wife

177. heire apparaunte: an heir apparent is one whose succession cannot be superseded by the birth of an heir who would then rank before him. This distinguishes him from an heir presumptive, who may be so superseded.

182 Un': elision of a vowel was common before h.

191 stole: " mantle

196 spot or pride: i e stain or ornament. Una is like the bride of the Lamb in Revelation xix. 7 8

197 neare: i e closely

201 to tell . . . streame. i e it would be very difficult to tell

205. all were . . . place: i e even though she was with him every day

214 great pretence. i e important purpose.

220 right: i e straight forwards

221 fast before: i e right in front of

223 his foot: i e the King's foot pight: " placed "

224-5 then . . . thus: i e then he placed the letter in the King's hands and the King, opening it read thus. The letter is from Duessa or Fidessa of Cantos ii. iv, v, vii, viii

229 Emperor of . . . West: i e Rome, see note on ii. 196

235. widow: i e because deserted by her betrothed

239 which: i e by which, a Latism.

240 guilty: the heavens are accomplices in the guilt so long as they leave it unavenged

250 adventurist: for " adventuredist."

257 same: this form, rhyming with *dame*, is the stressed form; cp. vulgar *sain't*

273 intendment: " attention "

283 royall richly dight: i e with royal richness decked.

292 pardon me: i e grant me leave, an O Fr. sense

300 unprovided: i e unforeseen, L. *prō*, before, *videre*, to see. scath: harm. O N. *skæð*, cp. *unscathed*

302. practicke paine: i e. artificial efforts. *Practica* often had a sense of deceit in M R; cp. "to practise upon his credulity."

303 footman: i e. messenger on foot. In Archimago's many disguises Spenser may have in mind those of the Jesuits hiding in England

305. ghesse: " guess "; a Chaucerian tag

306. we: " who "

311 strait : i.e. closely cp. note on x 225

313 as chained beares: bear-baiting was popular in Elizabethan England. Cromwell suppressed it.

324 sacred rites: Spenser describes not Christian but ancient Roman ceremonies.

328 housing: in Rome the bride was received at her door with fire and water. *Housel* (O.L. *haus*) was an old term for the Eucharist. It is hard to tell what exact play Spenser makes on the words.

330 the bushy Teade: a torch (L. *torcia*) made of white thorn which was carried at Rome in the bridal procession.

331 sacred lamp: an invention of Spenser's perhaps suggested by the ever-burning lamp in the temple of Vesta, goddess of the hearth, and also set in shrines to her in private houses.

338 sweet with great array : i.e. either was misty with rich perfumes or was busy with the great preparations.

347 triuall triplicities: in medieval theology there were nine orders of angels based on Ephesians i 21 and Colossians i 16. They were arranged into three *trines* thus:

	I	II	III
1	Seraphim	Cherubim	Thrones
2	Dominions	Virtues	Powers
3	Principalities	Archangels	Angels

Each of these ruled one of the so-called spheres of the universe.

350 manners : i.e. readers. Spenser resumes the image of the first stanza of this canto.

371 rode: roadstead, a place where ships can ride at anchor.

GLOSSARY

A.

acquit: *p p* released, vi 465 O Fr *aquiter* L *ad* + *quietare*, L *quies* (rest)

address: *p p* prepared, u 97 Fr *adresser*, L *ad* + *directum*, *p p* of *dirigere*, to direct, arrange

afflicted: *p p* as *adj* humble, Invoc 35 L *afflictum*, *p p* of *affligere* to strike down

affray: *vb* frighten, v 265 vi 301 O Fr *effraier*, L *ex* + Gmc *frīð-*, (OE *frīðu*, peace)

agrate: *pa t* showed favour to, x 160 O Fr *agracier* L *grātia*

ais: *adv* ever ON *ei*

all: *adv* entirely ui 9 conj although, x 417.

alleie: *sb* alley O Fr *alee*, cp Fr *aller*, to go

allyed: *p p* joined together ix 3 O Fr *aler*, L *alligāre* < *ad* + *ligāre*, to bind

also: *adv* also, ix 158, 187 OE *ealswa*

alway: *adv* always i 306 OE, *ealne weg* (acc. of duration)

amain. *adv* at once vi 367 OE *mægen*, force, + *a-* < *on-*, as in *asleep*

amate: *vb* cast down, ix 400 O Fr *amater*, fr *mai*, dejected

amudde: *prep* amidst, i 322 OE. *on middan*, common *adv* gen. -*as* added later, cp whales.

amie: *sb* amice, a linen square worn on his shoulders by a priest celebrating mass, iv. 161. O Fr. *amis*, L *amictus* < *amictre* (*amb* + *jacere*) to wrap round

andvile: *sb*, anvil, xi. 375. OE *anfilte*.

anon: *adv*. at once, u. 93 OE *on ān*, in one

appease: *vb*. cease, check, iii. 261. O Fr *apaiser*, *a* + O Fr. *paiz*, L *pax*, *pācem* (peace).

areadi: *vb*. show, explain, x. 454. 572. OE *arædan*.

areed: *vb*. teach, direct, counsel, Invoc. 7; proclaim, viii. 279; declare, tell, ix. 50, 249. See aread, read.

aredd: *p p*. declared, x 153. See areed.

arraz: *sb* tapestry, iv 51; named after a town in France

assay: sb value u 111 assault vn 236 vn 70 O Fr
 essai L L *essayer* a test of weight (L *exigere* to weigh)

assay vb attempt iv 70 11 81 make trial of vii 15
 afflict x1 281 assaile: ps t assailed u 112 vi 91 O Fr
 essayer fr sb

assailed: p p fired x 467 O Fr *assailier* L *absolvere*

astounded: p p stunned u 134 O Fr *estoner* (Mod Fr
détonner) L L *estondre* L *tonare* to thunder

aste(w)nd p p amazed astounded: 1 2 8 vii 61 ME
astones (as above) with excrement t

asswaged: sb past ten.s calmed u 44 O Fr *assouager*
 L ad + *sudis* sweet pleasant

attaint: vb darken vii 303 O Fr *ataindre* to accuse
 convict L *attingere* to touch

avale: vb descend: 1 185 O Fr *avalier* I ad + *vallis*
 a valley cp *avalanche*

avise: vb perceive v 131 O Fr *aviser* L L *advisare*
 L ad + *videre* visum (to see)

B

banns: sb banns of marriage x1 312 OE (ge)bann
 summons

bate vb feed on journey 288 ON *bata* cogn with
 OE *bisan* to bite

bale: sb evil distress hurt: 1 142 vii 348 OL *beale*

balefull adj; evil harmful u 18

bauldrick sb belt over the shoulder vii 260 O Fr
baulderic Mod L *jalderingus* OHG *balderich* cogn with
 belt

baye vb bathe vii 19 Obscure

bed: pres sub; may bid ix 365 OE *bedan* to
 command

been aux vb are: 1 90 OE *beon*

bestedd ppl adj; situated: 1 208 ON *staddr* p p of
steija to place.

bethrall vb make captive vii 249 LOE *þrall* fr ON
þrall bondsman

bever: sb helmet vii 276 properly the lower movable
 mouthpiece of a helmet O Fr *baivere* lit a bab cp Fr
bave saliva

bewray: vb reveal vii 341 accuse (by revealing) iv 345
 be + OE *wrigga* to accuse

blive, bylive: *adv* quickly, v 282 O E * *bē līfe*
 blazon. *vb* proclaim, *invoc* 8 O Fr *blason*, a shield, *inf*
 by *to blase*, O N *blása* to blow
 bond: *ppl adj* bound, 1 19 O N *būnan* prepared, with
 extrescent *d*
 bootlesse: *adj* useless u 13. *adv* in vain v 293 See
 booteth.
 booteth: *unpers vb* it avails u 172 O E *bōt*, a remedy
 boughtes: *sb* coils 1 129 O E *byht* a bend cp O E
būgan, to bow
 bouzing-can. *sb* drinking-can, iv 195 M Du *būzen*, to
 drink
 bowrs: *sb* muscles, viii 366 Lit *benders*, cp to bow
 brast: *pa t* burst, broke viii 36 *p p* v 278 O E. *berstan*
 O N *bresta*
 boystrous: *adj* big and rough, viii 82 See N E D
 boisterous
 brand: *sb* sword, iii 376 O E *brond*, lit gleaming thing
 cogn w *burn*
 brawned: *adj* brawny, viii 366 O Fr *braon*, piece of
 flesh
 bray: *vb*. cry out, iii 199 O Fr *braire*
 breares: *sb* briars, x 309 O E *brer*
 brent: *p p* burnt ix 87 O E *beornan* O N *brenna*
 buffes *sb* blow, xi 214 O Fr *buffe*
 bugles: *sb* ox viii 23 L *būcula*, heifer
 buskins: *sb* boots, vi 144 See N E D.
 buxome: *adj* yielding Related to O E *būgan*, to bend
 cp G *biegsam*, flexible

C.

can: *sux vb* did, 1. 68, u 253. etc O E *can*, know,
 confused w. *gan* (< *began*)
 canon: *adj* smooth vii 330 Gk *kānōn*, straight rod
 carefull: *adj* full of care, sorrow or anxiety, v 460, etc
 benumbing, vii 346. O E. *cearn*
 carke: *sb*. sorrow, 1 391 A N *karke*. rel to *charge*
 carles: *sb* churl, man, ix 479 O N. *kari*, cogn. with
 O E *ceorl*.
 cast: *vb*. resolve, plan, v 105 etc O N. *kasta*
 caytive: *adj*. captive, wretched, v. 91, 405 O Fr *castif*.
 L. *captivus*.

- centonell sb sentinel ix 368 O Fr *sentinelle*
 chauf(f)ed adj heated in 294 O Fr *chauffé* L L
calefactus
 chaw: sb jaw iv 263 See N E D jaw sb¹
 chew vb chew iv 263 O L *clowan*
 cheere, cheere sb countenance i 17 ii 402 O Fr
chiere L L *cara* face
 chide: vb champ i 6 O E *cidan* to rebuke
 chift: sb chift viii 193 O E *clif* infl by *clift* a cleft
 corer: sb body i 216 O Ir *cor* I *corpus*
 couched ppl adj lowered to attack in 301 O Fr
coucher L *collocdre* to place
 counterfeasaunce: sb deception vii 438 cp *counterfeit*
 crew: sb company viii 447 etc O Fr *accrue* (addition),
 < p p of *accroître* L *crelere* to grow
 cruddy adj curdled v 258 Cogn w *curd* *crowd*
 crudled ppl adj curdled vii 32
 curled adj curly ix 124 See N E D curl v¹

D

- daunt: adj choice dauntly x 16 O Fr *dauid* L
dauidism
 damnalydes p p injured xi 466 O Fr *damnsifier* L
damnum damage
 daunt vb daunt ix 435 O Fr *danter* L *domitdre* to
 tame
 darreyn: vb prepare for iv 353 O Fr *derrainer* L L
derationdre to give reason for defend
 debonaire adj courteous ii 203 O Fr *de bon aire* of
 good family *aire* (masc) is of doubtful origin
 decay sb downfall vi 430 L *dē cadere* to fall
 defeasaunce: sb defeat xi 103 O Fr *defesance* fr
 pres ppl of *desfaire* to undo
 describes p p revealed x 300 O Fr *descrier* to cry out
 despight sb spate viii 403 anger xi 388 O Fr *despit*
 L *dēspectus* a looking down
 devise, devise vb talk x 100 xi 120 O Fr *deviser*, L
divisum p p of *dividere*
 shall: sb sundial iv 36 L L *diālis* < *diēs* a day
 dight: vb put on vii 64 provide ix 111 make ready
 xi 462 p p adorned iv 51 O E *dihlan*

- dents:** *sb.* dents, i 3 O E *dyns*
discipline: *sb* teaching, vi 279. L *disciplina*, cp *discere* to learn
dismayd: *p p* overcome with fear vii 126 App fr O Fr fr *dis-* + Gmc *mag-*, cp O E *magan*, to be able
dispiteous: *adj* pitiless cruel, rel to *despite*, but infl by pity
disple: *vb* discipline x 236 Prob back formation fr mod of *sb* to *discipling*, taken as *pres ppl*
distraine: *vb* afflict, vii 337 O Fr *destrandre*, L *distringere* to stretch out
dates. *vb* raises vii 157 See *ight*
delour: *sb* grief, x 295 O Fr L *dolorem*
doted: *adj* stupid, vii 299, cp M Du *doten* to be mad
dred: *adj* dreadful, i 66, O E *dræd*, fear
drere: *sb* sorrow vii 360 O E. *drȳor*, blood, *drȳorig* bloody, sad, weeping (mod *dreary*), cp. *drȳsan*, to fall (drip)
dreriment: *sb* sorrow, ii 391 See *drere*
droome: *sb* drum ix 369 Found c. 1540 See N E D
drouping: *ppl adj* falling, i 316 O N *drūpa*
drowsyhed: *sb* sleepiness, ii 59, cp. O E *drūsan*, to be inactive, -*hed* < O E *-*hād*, variant of -*hād* (hood)
durte: *adj* dirty, i 127 O N *drut*
dye: *sb* hazard, ii 312, sg of *dice* O Fr *de* L *datum* given.

E.

- earne:** *vb* yearn, i 24 O E *geornan*
earst, *erst:* *adv* formerly, superl of O E *ær* before
edifyde: *p p*, built, i 302 O Fr *edifier*, L *aedificāre*
eeker: *vb* increase, v, 377. O E *ƿecan*.
e(e)ke: *adv* also O E *ƿac*, rel to *ƿecan*
effraide: *p p* frightened, i, 136 See *affray*.
eftsoones: *adv* at once. O E *eftsonā*.
elfe: *sb* fairy, i 145. O E *elf*; perhaps cogn w L *albus* white
embay: *vb*, bathe, x, 239; *pa t*, *embayd*, ix 113 See *bayer*.
emboist: *adj* adorned, iii 211.
embowd: *p p* encircled, ix, 164.
embrew: *vb*, plunge, xi, 311; *p p*, moistened, vii, 153 O Fr, *embreuer*. L *bibere*, to drink.

emprise sb enterprise ix 4 O Fr *emprise* fr *p p* of *comprendre* L *prehendere* to seize

engorged: *p p* unvented (lit swallowed) xi 356 O Fr *engorgé*

enhaunet: *p t* raised i 152 O Fr *enhancer* L *a + alius* high

entrade sb twist i 139 No connex w *entraid*

esloigne: vb withdraw iv 172 O Fr *esloigner* L *ex + longus*

eugh: sb yew i 76 OE *eow*

ewghen: *adj* of yew xi 164

exturpe: vb root out x 212 L *ex + stirps* root

F

faune, fayn faynet: *adv* gladly iv 88 vi 171 vii 182 OE *fægen*

faynet: *adj* glad vi 108

faynet: vb feign pretend vi 340 O Fr *feindre*

faytor sb impostor iv 418 O Fr *fauteur* a doer

felk: *adj* fierce n 87 O Fr *fel*

felon sb traitor iii 255 O Fr *felon* LL *fellon(ess)* a criminal

ferer: sb husband x 35 OE *gefara* comrade *ge* together *faran* to go

fone: sb foe n 206 OE *fāh* *adj* hostile

food: sb feud vii 15 Cogn w OE *fāhsw* (hostility) see NED feud

forage sb fodder vii 18 O Fr *forage* LL *foragum* fr Gmc cogn w *food* fodder

fordonnet: *p p* utterly undone x 295 exhausted x 422 OE *fordōn* for (L *per* through) developed a sense *amiss* to a wrong end cp OE *forwyrt* sn (something done amiss) and L *pervertere*

foreby: *prep* close by vi 350

forlores: *pp/adj* forlorn x 185 OE *for* intensive *leosan* *p p* *loren* lose

forrayed: *p t* ravaged xi 17 See NED foray

forwarned: *p p* warned off n 157 OE *wearnian*

fraught: *p p* fraught filled xi 308 Prob fr Du. cp freight cargo

fray: vb frighten i 338 See assay

fraught: ppl adj loaded, vi 111 See *fraught*
 from prep from vi 198 O.N. *frá*
 frounce: sb plait, iv 124 O Fr *froncier*, L *frons*, fore
 head.
 fry: sb crowd xi 55 A N *frie* < Gmc, cp Go *frīaw*
 O N. *frjó*, seed

G.

gall: sb bile, i. 163 O N *gail* Cogn w O E *gealla*, and
geolu, yellow.
 gan: aur. did, ii. 63 etc Shortening of *began* and some-
 times in that sense
 garnished: p p adorned, ii 113 O Fr *garnir* < Gmc
 gate: sb gait, x 42 O N *gata*, way street, cp Gallow-
 tree Gate.
 gentle: adj well-bred, i 1, etc O Ir *gentil*, L *gentilis*,
 of a family
 gin: sb rack, v. 313 O Fr *engin* L *ingenium*, skill
 girlands: sb garland, ii 268 O Fr *getlande*
 goust: sb joust, tournament, i 9 O Fr *juste* L L *iustare*,
 to approach
 glstring: ppl adj shining, i 121, cp O E *glumian*, O N
glitra
 gloomings: ppl adj dim, i 122, ? fr O E *glom*, twilight
 cogn w *glow*
 gobbets: sb pieces, i 174 O Fr *gobet* mouthful Celtic,
 cp Ir *gob*, mouth
 gored: p p gashed, iii 315 O E *gār*, a spear
 grailes: sb gravel, vii 47, prob *gravel* contracted
 gree: sb favour, v 139 O Fr *gré*, L *gratum*, pleasing
 greunings: pr ppl greuning, vi 97 O E *greunian*
 grisais: adj grey, ix 310 O Fr *gris*
 grisly: adj horrible, i 328 O E *grīstic*, cp *grison*, to
 shudder.
 griple: adj, grasping, iv 277, cp O E. *grīpan*, to seize
 groomer: sb. man servant, x 150 Prob O Fr. *gromet*,
 infl. by O E *guma*, man.
 grudging: ppl adj, groaning, li. 169 O Fr *groucher*
 guerdon: sb reward, iii 354 O Fr *guerdon* Med L
widardōnum (O H G *wīdar*, back, L. *dōnum*, gift)
 guise, guize: sb fashion, way of life, iv. 124, iii. 118 O Fr.
guise < O.H.G. *uīsa*. Cogn w (like) *wiss*.

H

hapless: *adj* unfortunate ix 100 ON *happ*

harbour *sb* shelter i 63 ON *herbergi* ong army shelter cogn w OE *here* army *beorgan* to protect

hardiment: *sb* boldness i 118 OFr *hardi* bold

haught *adj* high vi 257 OFr *haut* fr L *altus* infl by OHG *hoh* high

heben *adj* of ebony wood *Invoc* 23 L *(h)ebenus sb*

hefte *pa f* heaved up raised xi 348 OE *hebban* *str vb*

hew *sb* form shape u 357 and elsewhere OE *hew* *Mod hae*

hight *vb pres pass am (is) called* ix 284 x 494 *pa pass* was called ix 126 *p p* called u 388 entrusted iv 48 OE *hātan pret hāt het pr pass hātte* New developments in ME

hot: is called xi 260 See above

humor *sb* in medieval physiology one of four fluids in the body determining temperament sad humor, i 317 sleep OFr *humor* L *(h)umor cp humid*

husher *sb* usher iv 111 OFr *(h)usnier* L *ostium* door

I

imbrew *vb* plunge become drenched vi 340 See *embrew*

impe *sb* child offspring *Invoc* 19 ix 46 OE *impe* *impian* to graft

in: *sb* lodging i 295 Cp ix *adu*

intent: *sb* purpose vi 286 etc OFr *entent* L *intentus* a stretching out

iournall *adj* daily xi 274 OFr *journal* L *diurnalis cp diall*

K

keepe *sb* heed i 360 fr *vb*

keepe *vb* guard iii 379 OE *cēpan*

kends *p p* seen xii 4 OE *cennan* to make known

kest: *p p* cast xi 275 ON *kasta*

kynde: *sb* nature, ii 386 OE *ge cynd* cogn w L *gens genus*

L.

- lad: *pa t* led, i. 36 O E *lædan*.
- launched: *p p* pierced, vii 223 O Fr *lancer*, to pierce with a lance
- lay-stall: *sb* dung-hill, v 470, lit laying place
- lazars: *sb* lepers, iv 24 *Lazarus*, Lake, xvi 20
- leasing: *sb* lie, vi 424 O E *læsung*
- least: *conj* lest, i 101 O E *læst*, less excrement t in N E
- leman: *sb* lover, i 52 O E *læfman*, cp *hief*
- lenger: *adv*, longer, i 192 O E *lang*, + *er*
- lever: *adv* rather, ix 288 Comp of *hief*.
- libbards: *sb* leopard, vi 224 O Fr *leopard* L *leopardus* (lion, panther)
- hief: *adj* dear, iii 252 O E *læf*
- lignage: *sb* lineage ix 21 O Fr *lignage*, L *linea*, (linen) thread.
- lilled: *pa t* thrust, v 301, cp *loff*
- lin: *vb* cease i 212 O E *linan*
- lists: *sb* tournament field, iii 342 O E *liste*, border so fence and fenced ground
- loft: *sb* air, i. 363 O E *lyft*, infl by O N *loft*, cp *aloft*
- lompish: *adj* dejected i 382
- lorner: *p p* lost, iv 10 See *forlore*.

M.

- maime, mayne: *sb*, force, vii 92, viii. 61 See *amain*.
- make: *sb* companion, vii 62 O E *gemaca* Coga w *match*.
- mall: *sb* club, vii 454 L *malleus*, cp *mallet*.
- many: *sb*, crowd, xii. 73 Use of *adj* perh infl by O Fr *maison*, household
- mask: *vb*, masquerade, Invoc i. Fr, *masquer*, fr. Span. *mascara*.
- maw: *sb* stomach, i. 172. O E *maga*
- maynly: *adv*, violently, vii. 100
- meed(e): *sb* reward, li. 318. O E, *mæd*.
- melli: *vb*, meddle, i 270 O Fr. *mesler*, L L. *misculāre*, L *miscere*, to mix.
- mew: *sb*, den, v. 175, lit, a cage for hawks moulting O Fr, *mue*, L. *mūtāre* (> E *moult*), to change.

- murky *adj* murky v 240 O N *mʏrkr*
 mischance: *sb* misfortune i 101 O Fr *eschief* *mes* < L
 in *mes* (less) *chef* (end) < L L *caput* head
 miscreant *sb* infidel wretch vi 361 O Fr *mescreant*
 L *minus credentem* believing
 might *aux* might i 372 O E * *mahlē*
 more *aux* may ii 384 might ii 238 O E *pres mot*
 pret *mōste* (Mod *must*)
 muchell: *adj* great iv 409 O E *vcel* (Mod *much*)

N

- nathelesse *adv* nevertheless xi 468 O E *nā* *ty* *lēs*
 (never by that less)
 nathe more *adv* never the more v 114 O E *nā* *ōy* *nā*
 nei *adv* cony nor not ne ne neither nor
 vi 91
 nee see ny
 novice *sb* a religious probationer Invoc ii O Fr *fr* L
novus new
 noyance *sb* annoyance i 205 See *noyd*
 noyd *pa* i oppressed ii 210 O Fr *noy* *er* L in *odio*
 hateful
 noyous *adj* harmful troublesome v 397
 ny: *adv* near iii 43 O E *n* *h*

O

- outrage: *sb* uproar xi 352 O Fr *outrage* L *ultid*
 beyond Fr *age* *sb* suffix Meaning *ind* by rage
 outrageous: *adj* violent ii 150
 owches: *sb* jewels ii 113 O Fr *houche* *cp* an apron < a
 napron

P

- palfrey: *sb* saddle-horse i 34 O Fr *palefroi* L L
paraveredus Gk *para* extra L *veredus* horse fr Celtic,
 cogn w *nidr*
 parbreaker: *sb* vomit i 180 *cp* O E *bræc* phlegm
 pardale *sb* leopard vi 229
 paynman: *sb* pagan iii 307 O Fr *pa* *caine* L *pāgānus*
 countryman *cp* *heathen* i e *heath-dweller*

- pelfe: sb. money, iv. 240
 penne: sb. feathers, xi. 83, L *penna*
 perdie: by God, vi. 375 Fr. *par Dieu*
 periaunt: adj. pertaining, x 419 O Fr *percer*.
 pight: pa.t. placed, li 376, p p set vul 330 O E * *piccan*
 (Mod. to *pick*)
 plight: sb. condition, u 381 O E *piht* danger inf in
 meaning by O Fr. *plein*, condition
 portase: sb. portable prayer-book iv 163 Fr *portier* to
 carry.
 postern: sb back door, v 466 O Fr *posterne*, L *post*,
 behind.
 pourtrahed: p p, portrayed, viii 293 O Fr *pourtraire*, L
pro, *trahere*, to draw
 poynant: adj sharp, vii 169 Pres p of O Fr *poindre*, L
pungere, to prick
 prancke: vb. pleat, iv 123 Obscure
 prece: vb press, xii 166 Fr *presser*
 prece: sb. crowd, iii 21 Fr *presse*
 pricking: p p pl. spurning, riding fast, i i O E *prician*
 prowest: adj bravest, iv 367 O Fr *prou*, cp *prowest*
 puissance (3 syll): sb power i 25
 quissant: adj mighty, x 152 L * *possentem* for *potentem*,
 ppl adj. fr. *posse* to be able
 purled: ppl adj bordered, u 111 O Fr *parlier*, L *pru-*
sum, thread

Q.

- quake: vb. ix 437, lose heart, connex w O E *carelan*, to
 die, unlikely.
 quayd: p p. overcome, viii 123 For *quayld*
 quit(e), quyte, quight: vb release, free, vi 54, viii. 83,
 repay, ii. 147, x 331, x 593, pa t returned greeting, i 263,
 p p, redeemed, freed, v. 94, vi. 89 O Fr. *quiter*; see *acquit*.

R.

- rablement: sb. mob, vi. 70
 ralt: pa t cut off, i. 215 See *reave*; cp. *bereft*
 raler vb. flow, vi 385 Origin obscure.
 ramp: vb. rage, v. 252 O Fr. ? *rampier*, to climb,
 ramping: adj and ppl raging, iii 38, seizing, iii 365.

- rancors* sb i alce iii 392 O Fr *rancour*
raughts *pa* l reached vi 354 OE *rācan* pret *rāhte*
ravins sb prey xi 108 O Ir *raime* L *rapina* plunder
read vb liue i 116 See *aread*
reaves vb take away iii 317 OE *reafan* to plunder
cogn w rob cp *cattle reier* *heraie*
recoyle vb retire x 149 O Fr *reculer* L *reclis* back
side
recures vb refresh v 396 L *cura* care
red p p called vii 412 seen x 428 told xi 409 See
aread
redoubted p pl adj dread v 353 O Fr *doute* fear L
dubitare to doubt
reeds vb see i 189 Var of *read*
rencounting p p l meeting in battle xi 472 O Fr
rencontrer L *contra* against
renowned p p renowned xi 17 O Fr *renommé* L
nomen name
requerer vb demand i 108 O Ir *requerre*
requight vb return greeting x 440 See *quite*
retrate vb retreat i 113 O Fr *retraire* p p of *retraire*
L re back *fratre* to draw
rew vb pity ii 233 *lamer* ii 369 OE *hræowan*
ridder vb sends i 320 O N *ryðja* p p *raddr* whence
to rid
routes sb crowds vii 311 O Ir *route* L *rupta* broken
so a dramen
rowels sb rings on horses' bit vii 333 O Fr *rouel*
dunus fr L *rota* wheel
rue vb lament *Invoc* 17 *unpers* pity ii 188 See *rew*
ruth sb grief ii motto pity v 79 OE *hrowð* cp
rue ruthless

S

- sad* adj serious dark-coloured sad OE *sad* satiated
cogn w L *satis*
salvages adj savage iii 39 O Fr *saluage* L *saluticus*
of the woods
sams adv together x 512 OE *at samne*
say sb fine wool cloth iv 271 O Fr *sau* L *sagum* a
cloak

scowre: vb run, u 176 ? O N skura, rush ? O Fr *escourre*, L *ex, currere*, to run Cp scurry.

scrins: sb. desk, lavoc 2 L *scrinium*, *scribere*, to write

seely: adj simple, innocent, vi 85 O E *selig*, prosperous, blessed, Mod silly

seldom: adv seldom O E *seldan*, cp whylome

severall: adj of different kinds, u 143 O Fr < L L *sēperātus*, separate

sire: man. i 254 O Fr *sire*, L *senior*, older

sith(ens): conj since O E *sīðan* adv -es

slak: sb power, u 250 O N *slak* reason

sleight: sb, device, trick, u 153 O N *slægð*, cogn w sly

sleight: sb cunning, xi 324 sleight.

slombredi: p p unconscious, vii 132 O E * *slūmrian* to slumber

snubbes: sb rough projections viii 58 O N *snubba*, to rebuke

solemn: adj serious, sober i 17 O Fr fr. L *sollemnis*, annual (*solius*, whole, *annus*, a year), and so used of regular religious observances

soveraine: adj supreme i 15 O Fr *soverain*, L *super* above

soust: p p immersed, iii 273 O Fr *souster*, to preserve in liquid, L *sals* salt, cp. sauce

sowner: sb. sound, i. 364 O Fr *soun*.

spered, sperst: ppl adj surrounding, lit dispersed i 343. p p dispersed, iv 424 L *spargere*, *sparsum*

spright: sb spirit i 335 O Fr *esperit*, L *spirare* to breathe

stadlet: sb staff, vi. 125 O E. *staðol*, cogn w. stand

starker: adj unconscious, lit stiff, i 391 O E *stearc*, cogn w. starch

stole: sb mantle, l. 32. u 33. Greek *stolos*

stound, stownd: sb. trouble, grief. vii. 224, viii. 221, hear vii. 337 O E *stund*, time.

stound: p p stunned, vii. 108. O Fr *estoner*; see astonished.

stowre: sb. trouble, d. 63, peril, ul 266. O Fr *estour*.

strake, strokes: pa t, struck. l. 213, v 106 O E *strican*, pa f. (infl by brake, broke

strowd: pa t inserted, lit strewed, i 315 O E. *stefarnan*,

- swaine sb man iv 333 O N *steian*
 styte sb ascend xi 224 OE *stigan* cogn w *stile styte*
 sty stirrup (mounting rope)
 swelt past burnt vii 54 OE *sweltan* cogn w *sweltering sultry*
 swinged past sunged xi 231 OE *swengean* to strike confused w *sengean*
 swowne sb swoon i 365 Cp OE *swōgan* to sigh
 swownd vii 210 as above cp *sownd*
 swourning pr ppl swooning v 101

T

- talc(ul)nts sb claws xi 363 O Fr *talon*
 teene sb sorrow ix 304 injury xii 101 OE *teona*
 then conj than i 29 etc OE *þonne* *⁊* *⁊*
 thewest sb virtues labets ix 27 OE *þeaw* Mod *these* muscles cp *thrust* and *weas*
 the adv then i 158 OE *⁊*
 thorough prep through i 282 OE *⁊*
 thral(l) sb subject captive ii 192 See *bethrall*
 thirsty adj thirsty v 311 OE *⁊*
 thoroughly: adv thoroughly ix 442
 tide sb time ii 261 OE *tid* cp *Whitsuntide*
 tite sb procession iv 315
 tongi sb tongue invoc 18 OE *tunge*
 torti sb wrong xii 31 O Fr *tort* L *torium* p p of *torquere* to twist
 tract sb track iii 86 L *tractus* a drawing
 train(e), trayne sb tail (cp train of a dress) i 162 iv 86
 retinue xii 121 snare wiles artifice iii 214 vi 362 O Fr *trahiner* vb L *trahere* to draw
 transmew: sb transmute vii 312 See *mew*
 treachour sb traitor ii 365 O Fr *trecheur* cp Mod Fr *tricher* to cheat
 twaine pron two ii 142 OE *twāgen* masc form
 tway two vii 238 As above
 twyfold: adj twofold i horses in twos v 247
 tyne see teene Perh infl by OE *tynan* vb
 tyre see tire

U.

unbidi: *pp* unprayed for ix 482 O E *biddan* to pray
uncouth: *ppl/adv* strange unu-ual i 134 O E *uncūth*
unknown, *cunnan* to know

uneasie: *adv* with difficulty ix 142 scarcely v 277
almost, xi. 30 (or ? uneasily) O L *unzade*

unlike: *adj* unlike v 248

unwares: *adv* unexpectedly v 107

unwary: *adj* unexpected xi 218 O F *uare* aware

unweeting: *adj* ignorant of v 150 *adv* in ignorance
u. 352 ME *wēten* to know variant fr O L *uitam*, cp
unwittingly

V

vile: *adj* mean common Invoe 11 O I *vil* cp our
vile body

vildly: *adv* rudely cruelly xi 383

veil: *sb* veil, i 31 O Ir *veila*, f. *uilem* a veil cp
Mod Fr *voile*

visour: *sb* mask vu 3 O Fr *visere* O Fr *vis* a face

W.

waget: *sb* stake, in 101 O Ir fr L L *uadare* to
pledge, *uadum* a pledge, fr Gmc cp *wedding* (lit
pledging)

wait(e): *sb* watch, u 62 watch for, v 20 O N Fr
uaiter (Mod Fr *guetter*) < O H G *uakta* a watcher cogn w
watch, *wake*

wanton: *adj* playful u 115 M L *wantoun* was neg
prefix (cogn w *want*, *wans*), + O E *loges* *pp* of *lōan* to
pull, lead (cogn w, L *dūcere*), lit undisciplined

ward: *sb* guard, in. 77 O E *weard*, guard is fr O Fr
fr. Gmc

wardes: *sb*, guard, viii 21.

wares: *adj*, wary, viii 1 O E *ware*; cogn w *weard*

warely: *adv* carefully, xi. 315, fr *ware*.

warreys: *part* waste war on, ravaged, v 415 O N Fr
cp Mod Fr *guerre*, war.

wasiness: *sb*, wilderness, in 26 O Ir *uas* < O H G
< L *uādes*, empty desert

wenden: *sb*, clothes, u. 135. O E, *gewende*; cp. *widow's*
weeds

- wren(e) :b think i 87 O E *wrenan*
 weet(e): :b know recognise learn iii 48 92 cp
 unweeting
 welke :b fade i 200 M F *welken* cp O H G *welken*
 lude wither
 wax :b grow xi i waxed *pa t* grew vii 44 O L
uaxan
 whiles conj whilst i 351 O L *had* time adv gen ii
 whyleares adv lately ix 247 O L *had* or before
 whylome adv formerly once Invoe i O E *hwum*
dat pl as a lv
 wight: :b man being i 37 O F *nicht*
 wimple: :b linen scarf c v r head and s of face and neck
 xii 192 O L *wimpel*
 wimpled *p p* folled like a wimple i 31
 wist *pa t* knew ii 354 O E *witan* w ste
 witt :b genius iv 38
 wonne :b dwell vi 343 O I *wunnen*
 wont *pa t* used was or were accustomed i 303 ii 356
 See *wonne*
 wood adj mad v 180 O E *uod* cogn w I takes a
 nett
 wote :b know i 110 O E *uot* pres of *witan*
 woxe *pa t* grew x 46 *woxen: p p* v 103 See *wex*
 wreakes: :b revenges xii 141 O E *wreac* distress cp
wreac to avenge (to *wreak* vengeance)

Y

- y : *p pl* prefix O F *ge* conj w perpective force
 ydrad *p p* feared O E *dradan* only in *empda*
 yede: to go xi 37 infin coned from *yod*
 ylere adv together ix i O E *gesetra* sb see *fere*
 yode: *pa t* went x 413 O E *ge fode*
 yore adv formerly gen pl of O E *gear* year as adv
 ypyght: *p p* situated ix 731 See *pyght*
 ymp: see *umpe*